

THE
L I F E
O F
Baron Frederic Trenck;

CONTAINING
HIS ADVENTURES;
HIS CRUEL AND EXCESSIVE SUFFERINGS, DURING
TEN YEARS IMPRISONMENT, AT
THE FORTRESS OF MAGDEBURG,
BY COMMAND OF THE LATE
K I N G o f P R U S S I A;

ALSO,
A N E C D O T E S,
HISTORICAL, POLITICAL, AND PERSONAL.

Translated from the German,
By THOMAS HOLCROFT.

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L. I. T. E.

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HIS OWN VENTURES

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KING OF THE RUSSES

AND

A NEW BOOK

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND CRITICAL

BY THE LATE BARONESS DE TINNICK

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that I should have remained I ever
 should again behold the country of
 my forefathers, **T H E** and the mo-
 ment which I had been twenty years
 in anxious expectation of beholding.
L I F E I feared following the Great Frederic
 to the mansions of the dead; then
 should I never have concluded my
 second volume, have written this my
B A R O N T R E N C K.

A ~~series of obstacles being over-~~
 come, I found it necessary to make
I CONCLUDED the second vo-
 lume of my life with preparations
 for my journey to Berlin, whence the
 magnanimous Frederic William sent
 me the desired passport. This jour-
 ney I cheerfully prepared to under-
 take, but my ever-envious fate threw
 me on the bed of sickness, inasmuch
 - Vol. III. B that

that small hope remained I ever should again behold the country of my forefathers, or outlive the moment which I had been twenty years in anxious expectation of beholding. I seemed following the *Great Frederic* to the mansions of the dead; then should I never have concluded my second volume, have written this my third, or obtained the victory by which I am now so gloriously crowned.

A variety of obstacles being overcome, I found it necessary to make a journey into Hungary, which was one of the most renovating and pleasant of my whole life.

Wherever I went, especially at Ofen and Pest, I met that honourable reception, that sensibility of soul, the full enjoyment of which he only can feel who solely seeks the appro-



approbation of the wise, the worthy, and the just. I have no words to express my sensations, my ardent wishes for the welfare of a nation, where I met so many proofs of honourable friendship. Wherever I appeared, I was welcomed, and followed with that love and enthusiasm which only await the fathers of their country. The valour of my cousin Trenck, who died ingloriously in the Spielberg, the loss of my great Hungarian estates, the fame of my writings, and the cruelty of my sufferings, had gone before me. These must I thank for a reception which I never can forget. The officers of the army, the nobles of the land, alike testified the warmth of their esteem.

Such is the reward of the upright: such too are the proofs that

this nation knows the just value of fortitude and virtue. Have I not reason to glory in this; to publish my gratitude, and to recommend my children to those who, when I am no more, shall dare uprightly to determine concerning the rights which have unjustly been snatched from me in Hungary? For myself, I am content, nay, rewarded, when commiserated as a martyr to the love of truth, of which I have ever stood the undaunted advocate.

Not a man in Hungary, whose only excepted who were interested in my oppression, but will proclaim I have been unjustly dealt by: yet have I good reason to suspect I never shall find redress. Sentence has been already given; judges, more honest, cannot, without difficulty, reverse

old decrees; and the present possessors of my fine estates are, also, too powerful, too intimate with the governors of the earth, for me to hope. I shall hereafter be more happy. God knows my heart:—I wish the present possessors may render services to the state, equal to those rendered by the family of the Trencks; or to those that family would have rendered, had its capability, and the uprightness of its intentions, been sooner and more properly estimated.

There is little probability I should ever behold my worthy, and noble friends in Hungary more. Here I bid them adieu, promising them to endeavour to pass the remainder of my life so as still to merit the approbation of a people, with whose ashes I would most willingly have mingled my own. May the God of heaven

prosper their undertakings! May the God of heaven preserve every Hungarian from a fate similar to mine! A fate which still, unredressed, I suffer; and, with sighs and despair, to suffer must still continue.

The Croats have ever been reckoned rude and uncultivated. In Vienna, men talk of their seminaries, their academies, and their science: yet, among this rude and uncultivated people, I found more subscribers to my writings than among all the learned men of Vienna; and, in Hungary, more than in all the remainder of the Austrian dominions.

The wise literati of the capital are little in quest of freedom. The Hungarians, the unlettered Croats, seek information. The polished people of Vienna ask their confessors,
per-

permission to read instructive books. Various subscribers, having read the first volume of my works, brought it back, and re-demanded their money, because some monk had told them it was a book dangerous to be read. The very judges of their courts have re-sold them to the booksellers, for a few pence, or given them to those who had the care of their consciences, to burn.

The Hungarians have read with avidity; have thanked me most sincerely for the instruction they had received, and the attempts I had made to destroy vulgar prejudices. In Vienna, alone, was my life decried as a romance; in Hungary, on the contrary, I found the compassion of men, their friendship, and effectual aid. Had my book been the production of an Englishman, good

wishes would not have been his only reward: lords and ladies would have subscribed, to have procured him ease, and the state itself would have selected him as a man who, in justice, must have retribution.

We poor German writers have censors and interested critics to encounter, if we would speak truth, and unmask injustice; and, if a book finds a rapid sale, mean and dishonest printers issue spurious editions, defrauding the author of his labours. Such privileged wretches derive profit from theft, yet associate themselves in companies, appear in the society of honest men, and are enabled, by their ill-gotten gains, to purchase patents of nobility in Vienna: yet courts of justice, that would execute a man, as a thief, whom hunger had compelled to steal

a loaf

a loaf of bread, behold these practices with indifference. Such governments are ignorant of the real influence of knowledge on the wealth and power of states. To keep the useful writer poor and unprotected, or not to incite his industry by honour and reward, is political ignorance and error of infinite importance.

Want of teachers is want of knowledge. Men of genius, unsupported, will quit their country; or, if they remain, will be devoured by chagrin and conflicting passions, or waste their lives in exertions merely mechanical. Industry unrewarded, slumbers inactive; and, where true science is not, there will the libraries and minds of men be loaded with contemptible and destructive theological disputes. Priestcraft and Rome flourish, and the state remains in igno-

rance. Useful men are wanting in countries where the canons of the church and military tactics can sub-
ject and destroy, but cannot en-
lighten and regenerate.

The encouragement of the learned produces able and scientific teachers, and, from their seminaries, men of genius occasionally come forth. If obliged to write for their daily bread, the minds of such men begin to de-
spond; paid by the sheet, they write hastily, instead of producing those beautiful original works, of which they are capable. The world is thus inundated with books and pam-
phlets; the undiscerning reader knows not which to select: the more intel-
ligent are disgusted, or do not read at all, and a work of merit thus be-
comes as little profitable to the au-
thor as to the state.

The

The reader will pardon this digression, and will further permit me to remark that those critical writings, the intent of which is only to discover faults in, and blame all other writings, serve but to depress the first efforts of genius, and injure the best of authors, in the opinion of the ill-judging; yet he who criticises will gain as much as he who invents.

Those who have read the writings of Gellert, are still desirous of hearing what slander and envy have to alledge. Curiosity induces us to seek the aid of optics, that we may discover the spots in the sun, and those the simple gazer imagines he has seen, when the impostor, that presents the telescope, has previously spotted the glass.

The man who invents does but smile at those who attend only to the

order of words, or the placing of commas; or who detect him in having, for a moment, forgotten his grammar: yet such insects must exist. — The caterpillar will destroy the bloom of the peach, nay, will devour the fruit; but what should be said to the gardener, who, therefore, roots up the tree, or so lops its branches as to render it barren; — what, indeed, should he plant the thistle in its place?

I left Vienna on the 5th of January, and came to Prague. Here I found nearly the same reception as in Hungary; my writings had been universally read. Citizens, noblemen, and noble ladies, treated me with like favour and friendship; may they, as they merit, live happy, in connubial love! may the monarch

narch: know how to value and employ men of generous feelings and enlarged understandings, whom here, contrary to expectation, I found!

I reluctantly bade adieu to Prague, and continued my journey to Berlin. Here, in Bohemia, I took leave of my son, a lieutenant in the second regiment of carabineers, who saw his grey-headed father, and his two brothers, destined for the Prussian service, depart. He felt the full weight of this separation: I reminded him of his duty to the state he served; I spoke of the fearful fate of his uncle and father, in Austria, and of the possessors of our vast estates in Hungary. — He shrunk back—a look from his father pierced him to the soul—tears stood in his eyes—his youthful blood flowed quick, and the following expressions burst

burst suddenly from his lips :—

“ I call God to witness that I will
 “ prove myself worthy of my father’s
 “ name, and that, while I live, his
 “ enemies shall be mine.”

What are the feelings of a father, who in his son embraces his friend ! His brothers wept, nor could I retain my tears. The best of opportunities this to instil the best of principles ; and I here remind them of the holy covenant we then made—charging them to read this, and remember it when I am laid low in the grave. The monarch, who shall wish to entertain them in his service, may rest assured of their fidelity, zeal, and their powers of mind.—Actuated by the noblest spirit of ambition, they will endure no dishonour ; and so, not enduring, only, will they fulfil my wishes and commands.

And

At

At Peterſwalde, in the road to Dresden, my carriage broke down : my life was endangered, and my ſon received a contuſion in the arm. The eryſipelas broke out on him at Berlin, and I could not preſent him to the King during a month after my arrival.

I had been but a ſhort time at Berlin before the well-known miniſter, Count Hertzberg, with whom I had been acquainted at Aix la Chapelle, received me with all poſſible kindneſs. Every man to whom his private and internal worth are known, not ſeeking the addition of titles, will congratulate the ſtate that has the wiſdom and good fortune to beſtow on him ſo high an office. His ſcholaſtic and practical learning, his knowledge of languages, his acquaintance with
the

the profound sciences, are indeed wonderful. His discourse is eloquent, his writings are original, his character noble, and his heart feeling. His zeal for his country is ardent, his love of his king unprejudiced, his industry admirable, his firmness that of a man, and his behaviour in private amiable, and destitute of ministerial arrogance. He is the most experienced and best informed man in the Prussian states, on the subject of internal economy. His harangues, most instructively in the assemblies of the Royal Academy of Berlin, and speaks with equal affability and philanthropy to the poor peasant. The very enemies of his country may rely on his word; the establishment of the Prussian power is the object of his heart, though he is incapable of seeking even this in the insidious paths of Machi-

Machiavelian politics. The artful he can encounter with art; those who menace, with defiance and fortitude; and, with wise foresight, can avert the rising storm. The duties of his laborious station he himself fulfils. He seeks not splendor in sumptuous entertainments, and ostentatious retinue; but, if he can only enrich the state, and behold the people happy, he is himself willing to remain poor. His estate, Briesz, near Berlin, is no Chanteloup, but a model for those patriots who would study oeconomy. Here he, every Wednesday, after severe fatigue, enjoys recreation. The services he renders the kingdom cost it only five thousand rix-dollars yearly; he, therefore, lives without ostentation, yet becoming his state, and with splendor when splendor is necessary. He
does

does not, like other ministers, plunder the public treasury that he may preserve his own private property. The labours he performs render his life unenviable, nor will his death be rich.

This man, whom without flattery I have described, is he who will live so conspicuous in the annals of Prussia; he who was so incessantly employed under the great Frederic; who so much contributed to make him great; had so much influence in the cabinets of Europe; so much drew the attention of thinking men; who alone enjoyed the confidence and honour of being admitted a witness of the last actions, the last sensations, of his dying king; yet who, during his whole life, favoured as he was by this king, never asked, nor ever received, the least gratuity.

This

This is the minister whose personal conversation I had two months the happiness to partake at Aix la Chapelle and Spa, whose approbation I obtained, whose welfare is the wish of my heart, and whose memory I shall ever revere. Ample be the rewards his country shall bestow! Never may envy detract from his merits, or disquiet his grey hairs, when he shall find reason, at length, to live for himself, or with glory to lay down that burthen, which no other single man will be found potent enough to bear!

I was received with distinction at his table, where I associated with the most learned members of the Berlin-Academy, and became acquainted with those whose science most had benefited and honoured the Prussian states; nor was any thing
more

more flattering to my self-love, than that men like these should think me worthy their friendship.

Not many days passed before I was presented at court by the Prussian chamberlain, Prince Sacken; as it is not customary at Berlin for a foreign subject to be presented by the minister of his own court. Though a Prussian subject, I wore the Imperial uniform.

The King received me with remarkable condescension: all eyes were directed toward me, each person took me by the hand, each welcomed me to my country. This moved me the more by being remarked by the foreign ministers, who asked, with surprise, who that Austrian officer could be who was received with so much affection, and such evident joy, in Berlin. The gracious Monarch himself gave tokens
of

of a noble pleasure, at beholding me thus surrounded. Among the rest, came the worthy and honourable General Prittwitz, who embraced me, and said aloud—

“This is the gentleman who might have ruined me, to effect his own deliverance.”

Confused at so public a declaration, I desired him to expound this riddle, and he added—

“I was obliged to be one of your guards on your unfortunate journey, from Dantzic to Magdeburg, in the year 1754, when I was a lieutenant. On the road I left my escort behind, and continued alone with you in an open carriage. This gave you an opportunity to escape, but you forbore. I afterward saw the danger to which I had exposed myself. Had you been

“ been less noble-minded, had such
“ a prisoner escaped, through my
“ negligence, I had certainly been
“ ruined. The king believed you
“ alike dangerous, and deserving of
“ punishment. I, therefore, here
“ publicly acknowledge you as my
“ saviour, and am in gratitude your
“ friend.”

The reader need but refer to the first volume, and he will find this noticed; but, when I wrote it, I knew not the generous man, who wished me so well, was the present General Prittwitz. That he should himself remind me of this incident does him the greater honour.

The magnanimity of the action might be called in doubt by all who do not know that, even in chains, I might have escaped, would I have deceived those who honoured me with their confidence. When im-

prisoned in Glatz, I was permitted to hunt; a friend remained in my bed, and I returned, as a man of honour ought. My established character in this respect was public in Magdeburg. I have given repeated proofs that I would not owe my own welfare to another's misfortune: yet I myself doubt the motives of my own conduct in journeying from Dantzic. The confidential manner in which I was treated lulled me into security; my conscience, void of guilt, could not lead me to dread the miseries of Magdeburg — In fine, my fate so would have it that I should remain ten years imprisoned. Could I have foreseen, could I have suspected what I was to suffer, I should, probably, have escaped, and the worthy Brittwitz would have been cashiered.

In

In all the various accidents of life, when in danger, I have never hesitated, but suddenly resolved, and sometimes rashly—this journey alone excepted. Such is the intricacy of the fate of man, a clue to which the wise will not attempt to find. Why was I at one moment so irresolute, and so head-long at every other? Why does the bravest soldier at certain times appear a coward, and, thereby, lose all his former hard-earned fame? Why does the coward himself feel intervals of courage? The body's injuries add to, or diminish, the mind's vigor. The will depends on the stomach's concoction. He, whose rapid circulation never suffers him to stand still, yet, cannot rise and dance, if suffering from indigestion. If the weather be gloomy, so often will be the intellect.

Such

Such are mechanical causes: he who would seek reasons more sublime, which I have not to give, must apply to his guardian angel, or the swarming sprites of Swedenburg, and there he shall find shade without body, and body without shade.

Having been introduced at court, I thought it necessary to observe customary ceremonies, and was presented by the Imperial ambassador Prince Reufs to all foreign ministers, and such families as are in the routine of admitting such visits. I was received by the Prince Royal, the reigning Queen, the Queen Dowager, and the whole royal family, in their various palaces, with esteem and favour never to be forgotten. His royal highness Prince Henry, the well-known partaker of his brother's glory, invited me to a private

audience, continued long in conversation with me, testified the utmost compassion at what I had undergone, promised me his future protection, admitted me to his private concerts, and made me stay and sup at court.

A like reception I experienced in the palace of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, where I frequently dined and supped. His princess, well worthy a crown, took delight in hearing my narratives, and in my knowledge of men and manners, and loaded me with favours.

Prince Ferdinand's mode of educating his children is exemplary, and well worthy imitation. From this family, the world, with good reason, has much to expect. The sons are instructed in the soldier's duties, their bodies are inured to the incle-

inclemencies of weather, such as the meanest man in an army must support; they are taught to ride, to swim, and are steeled to all the fatigues of war. Therefore is their growth like the cedar of Lebanon, and their minds as exalted. Princely pride they only know to despise. Their hearts are formed for friendship, and pant to acquire all the fame of noble deeds, which, for this reason, they cannot fail to attain. Happy the state wherein they are born! Happy the nation in defence of which they are to act!

Never yet has flattery degraded my pen, nor be it now suspected, when I say how highly I honour their noble mother, who has educated her sons for their country's good, teaching them, not the effeminate and contemptible vices, but,

the high duties of princes, accustoming them like men to labour, like men to grow wise.

I speak from knowledge, therefore my word is not liable to reproof. I have said too little. The selection of those who were to teach them wisdom, to improve their natural talents, instruct them to govern their passions, enlarge their views, and strengthen their love of mankind, was certainly most fortunate, and as well displays the penetration of those who chose them, as the views with which they were chosen.

How immense the difference between this and the mode I have seen practised in other countries, where, shuddering, I have beheld future despots in puny boys! How ridiculous these their *Royal Highnesses* appear, who, though born to rule,

are not, in real worth, or abilities, deserving to be the lackeys of the least of those whom they treat with contempt; and yet who swell, strut, stride, and contemplate themselves as creatures essentially different by nature, and of a superior rank in the scale of beings, though, in reality, their minds are of the lowest, the meanest, class.

Happy the state whose prince is deeply impressed with a sense that the people are not his property, but he the property of the people! Would men ever have been scourged by the iron whip of arbitrary power, had not their minds, from infancy, been poisoned with slavish principles; had not the few wise been unable to actuate and inspire the crouching vassal swarm? A prince, beloved by his people, will ever

render a nation more happy than he whose only wish is to inspire fear.

The pleasure I received at Berlin was great indeed. When I went to court, the honest citizens crowded to see me; and, when any one among them said "That is Trenck," the rest would cry—"Welcome once more to your country"—while many would reach me their hands, with the tears standing in their eyes. Frequent were the scenes I experienced of this kind. No pardoned malefactor would have been so received—Oh no!—It was the sweet reward of innocence: this reward was fully bestowed throughout the Prussian territories.

Oh world, ill-judging world, deceived by show! What is thy praise, or what thy blame? Dost thou not blindly follow the opinion of the prince,

prince, be he severe, or indulgent, arbitrary or just? Thy censure and thy praise equally originate in common report. I am of this an exemplary proof. In Magdeburg I lay, chained to the wall, ten years, sighing in wretchedness, suffering every affliction, every calamity of hunger, cold, nakedness, and contempt. And wherefore? Because the King, deceived by slanderers, pronounced me worthy of punishment. Because a wise King mistook me, and treated me with barbarity. Because a prudent King knew he had done wrong, yet would not have it so supposed. So was his heart turned to stone; nay, opposed by manly fortitude, was enraged to cruelty. Most men were convinced I was an innocent sufferer. "Yet did they all cry out the more, saying,

“ let him be crucified! — And
 “ why? What evil hath he done?”
 Frederic had pronounced the sentence. It was his will, and I must be deemed a malefactor. My very relations were ashamed to hear my name. My sister was barbarously treated because she compassionately assisted me in my misfortunes. No man durst openly avow himself my friend, durst own I merited compassion; or, much less, that the infallible King had erred. I was the most despised, forlorn, man on earth; and, when thus put on the rack, had I there expired, my epitaph would have been,
 “ Here lies the traitor Trenck.”

Frederic is dead, and the scene is changed: another monarch has ascended the throne, and the grub is changed to a beautiful butterfly! The sun is risen, and the light shines
 upon

upon my history and myself. The witnesses to all I have asserted are still living, loudly now proclaim the truth, and embrace me with heartfelt affection. The universal contempt of error, which I so long endured, is now changed to universal admiration and esteem !

The grandees of the earth, who, thirty years, or even as many months, ago, Frederic being alive, would not have deigned a look, or deemed me worthy the smallest compassion, now condescendingly embrace me ! Frederic William has done me justice. Frederic *the Great* lies silent, unable to gainsay the sentence ! I am yet the same ; great as is this change.

Does the worth of man depend upon his actions ; his reward or punishment upon his virtue ? In arbi-

trary states certainly not. They depend on the breath of a king! Frederic was the most penetrating prince of his age, but the most obstinate also; the most unrelenting whenever he encountered opposition, or, by persisting in, could disguise error. A vice dreadful to those whom he selected as victims, that must be sacrificed to the promoting of his arbitrary views!

Suspicion may render a monarch less liable to be deceived on certain occasions, but to how many slanders and falsehoods is he exposed by this pernicious quality! I had strength to support every thing Frederic had power to inflict; nay, after all my sufferings, have lived to see the end of my royal foe; to whose overgrown armies and uncircumscribed will I had nothing but patience and fortitude

titude to oppose. But oh! How many were there, like me, groaning in dungeons, the victims of a fate so wretched, who now are no more! Or who, now, if living, have not, like me, the means of publishing all the miseries they have endured! How many perished the sin offerings of this obstinate self-will, whose orphan children now cry to God for vengeance! How many of these orphans are obliged to utter their groans in secret: because, their fathers having been cut off, they have no means of justification! The dead, alas! cannot plead. Trial began and ended with execution. The few words—**IT IS THE KING'S COMMAND**—were, indeed, words of horror to the poor condemned wretch denied to plead his innocence!—
 Yet what is the *Ukase* (Imperial order)

der) in Russia — *Tel est notre bon plaisir* (Such is our good pleasure) in France, or the *Allergnädigste Hof-resolution* (The all gracious sentence of the court), pronounced with the sweet tone of a Vienna matron? In what do these differ from the arbitrary ORDER of a military despot?

Curled effects of court parasites, who persuade the god of their idolatry he is infallible! And infuse into his heart the false and destructive principle that a king is superior to law! That the country over which he reigns is his property! And that the subject ought not to demand justice as a right, but crouch and receive it as a favour!

Every effort, every prayer of man should be consecrated to man's general good; for him to obtain freedom
and

and universal justice! Together should we cry with one voice, and, if unable to shackle arbitrary power, still should we endeavour to shew how dangerous it is! How despicable! The priests of liberty should offer up their thanks to the monarch who declares *the word of power* a nullity, and *the sentence* of justice omnipotent; who contemns the acts of an Alexander, or a Charles XII.

Woe to the monarch possessed by the destructive spirit of contest! Woe to the country whose Quixote ruler is ever in search of giants! Woe to the people whom his fury dooms to the sword, or who are made the sanguinary instruments of desolation, death, or slavery, to other nations! Woe, tenfold woe, to that prince who would be adored by the abject wretches he has fettered!

Woe

Woe to him who is quick to punish, and slow to reward, or who only employs his power in the gratification of his favourites ! The thirst of dominion and the thirst of blood are ever associated ! What wonder that he who equally sports with the rights and the heads of men, should be deaf to their groans ?

Instead of singing the acts of heroes in our songs, instead of raising them to the rank of heroes by our valour, we ought much rather to praise and protect the friends of peace.

Who can name the court in Europe where Louis, Peter, or Frederic, each and all *The Great*, have not been, and are not, imitated as models of perfection ? Lettres de cachet, the knout, and cabinet-orders, superseding all right, are become law !

law ! Judges, who legally should decide on our actions and our claims, are themselves but puppets: fearful of punishment, they are ever ready to inflict.

No reasoning, says the corporal to the poor grenadier, whom he canes !——No reasoning !——exclaim judges. The court has decided.—No reasoning, rash and pertinacious Trenck, will the prudent reader echo. Throw thy pen in the fire, and expose not thyself to become the martyr of state inquisition.

Yes, kind counsellor, I will follow thy advice. Let others beware how they expose themselves to like dangers, or let their narratives lie buried, till they themselves, being entombed, are no longer exposed to suffer.

Unremarked, my thoughts escape
my

my pen, and lead me astray from my subject, when the remembrance of the past swells my veins, when swifter circulates my blood, and the deep wounds of my heart again gush forth—wounds that never can be healed—never can be cicatrized.

—Such passages repose and reason would erase: but ah! how may I repent having written the truth? Neither have I time to re-copy what I write, and thus my writings justly incur blame from rigid criticism, and even from my best friends, who would persuade me to greater caution and prudence.

My fate is, and must to the grave remain, critical and undecided. I have six and thirty years been in the service of Austria, unrewarded, and beholding the repeated and generous efforts I made, effectually to
serve

serve that state, unnoticed. The Emperor Joseph supposes me old, that the fruit is wasted, and that the husk only remains. In this he is wrong. The oppression I have suffered is too great, even for an attempt at making me adequate satisfaction. It is also supposed I should not be satisfied with a little. This supposition is equally wrong. To continue him in oppression who has once been oppressed, and who possesses qualities that may make injustice manifest, is the policy of states. Neither do courtiers love the man, who, able to penetrate, may probably frustrate their insidious intents. How I have been treated by judges, referendaries, curators, I have perhaps too repeatedly urged: yet surely this will be forgiven me, though this is an additional reason why

why I never can obtain justice. My spirit has been too proud to implore, my nature too independent. My journey to Berlin has given the slanderer further opportunity of painting me as a suspicious character: I smile at the ineffectual attempt.

I appeared in the Imperial uniform, and by my conduct belied such insinuations. To this purpose it was written to court, in November, when I went into Hungary, “The motions of Trenck ought to be observed in Hungary.” Ye poor malicious blood-suckers of the virtuous! Ye shall not be able to hurt a hair of my head. Ye cannot injure the man who has sixty years lived in honour. Thus the elephant moves along, regardless of the shouting mob! I will not, in my old age, bring upon myself the reproach of incon-

inconstancy, treachery, or desire of revenge. Nor Sultan, nor Great Mogul, shall allure me to slavery.

I will betray no political secrets: I wish not to injure those by whom I have been injured.—Such acts will I never commit—Never—I never yet descended to the office of spy, nor will I die a rewarded villain.—Neither in Austria, nor Prussia, will I be made the instrument of a faction.

To your work, therefore, ye dealers in court enigmas: I here renounce your society; here publicly renounce the dignities of courts or armies, determined to live a private man, thankful only to those who shall treat me with friendship, or endeavour to obtain for me some part of that right which so justly is my due.

due. These shall not repent that Trenck is their debtor, for his heart is grateful.

Yes, I appeared, in Berlin, among the upright and the just. Instead of being its supposed enemy, I was declared an honour to my country. I appeared in the Imperial uniform, and fulfilled the duties of my station: and now must the Prussian Trenck return to Austria, there to perform a father's duty, having already done more for this country than could have been expected from an oppressed man.

Yet more of what happened in Berlin.

Some days after I had been presented to the King, and supped with the Queen, I entreated a private audience, and, on the 12th of February,

bruary, received the following letter :

“ IN answer to your letter of the
“ 9th of this month, which has been
“ given me, I *gladly* inform you
“ that, if you will come to me to-
“ morrow, at five o'clock in the af-
“ ternoon, I shall have *the pleasure*
“ to see and speak with you ; mean-
“ time, I pray God to take you into
“ his holy keeping.

“ FREDERIC WILLIAM.

“ Berlin, Feb. 12,

“ 1787.

“ P. S. After signing the above,
“ I find it more convenient to ap-
“ point to-morrow, at nine in the
“ morning, about which time you
“ will come into the apartment
“ named

“ named the marmor kammer (mar-
 “ ble chamber).”

The anxiety with which I expected this wished-for interview, may well be conceived. I found the Prussian Titus alone, and he continued in conversation with me more than an hour.

How condescending, how kind was the monarch! How great! How nobly did he console me for the past! How entirely did his assurance of favour overpower my whole soul! He had read the history of my life. When Prince of Prussia, he had been an eye-witness, in Magdeburg, of my martyrdom, and my attempts to escape. Many circumstances he recollected himself, and he enquired of those who had been present, and who confirmed the truth of my narrative,

rative, and the severity of my calamities. — Long shall I remember these fortunate moments : yet these are fled. His Majesty parted from me with tokens of confirmed esteem and condescension. — My eyes bade adieu, but my heart remained in the marble chamber, in company with a prince capable of sensations so dignified ; and my wishes for his welfare are eternal.

I have since travelled through the greater part of the Prussian states. Where is the country in which the people are all satisfied ? Many complained of oppressions, hard times, or industry unrewarded. My general answer was : —

“ Friends, kneel with the rising
 “ sun, and thank the God of heaven
 “ that you are Prussians. I have
 “ seen

| “seen and known much of this
 “world, and I assure you, on my
 “honour, you are among the hap-
 “piest people of Europe. Causes
 “of complaint every where exist;
 “but you have a king, neither ob-
 “stinate, ambitious, covetous, nor
 “cruel: his will is that his people
 “should have cause of content, and,
 “should he err, by chance, his
 “heart is not to blame, if the sub-
 “ject suffers.”

To the truth of this I pledge my
 veracity; I am well known not to be
 a flatterer; I speak what I have seen;
 I vent the thoughts of my heart; I
 write from conviction, and not with
 the insidious hope of reward.

The eyes of all Europe are at
 present directed toward Berlin—
 eager to learn whether Frederic
 William will be able to sustain the
 vast

vast and artificial fabric, reared by his predecessor. I will systematize but little, I will state incontrovertible facts.

Prussia is neither wanting in able, active, nor learned men. The warmth of patriots glows in their veins. The soul of the Great Frederic still inspires the machine, and there is little doubt but that its wheels will not be clogged by innovation. Should this plan be steadily pursued, there will be no confusion of tongues in the tower of Babel: and those, who wish its destruction, will have great difficulties to surmount. Every thing remains with equal stability, as under the reign of Frederic; and, should the thunder burst, the ready conductors will render the bolt ineffectual.

Hertzberg still labours in the cabinet, still thinks, writes, and acts as he has done for years. The King is desirous that justice shall be done his subjects, and will punish, perhaps, with more severity, whenever he finds himself deceived, than, from the goodness of his disposition, might be supposed. The treasury is full, the army continues the same, and there is little reason to doubt but that industry, population, and wealth will increase.

Yet is it ardently to be desired that commerce might be promoted, by treaties with foreign nations; industry encouraged; monopolies totally abolished; the price of provisions reduced; manufactures supported; manufacturers less burthened by taxes; justice impartially administered; punishments rendered more mild;

mild ; toleration made more universal ; foreigners no longer kidnapped ; promises held sacred, and free egress and regress given throughout the Prussian provinces. None but the vile and the wicked would leave the kingdom : while the oppressed and best subjects of other states would fly their native country, certain of finding encouragement and security in Prussia.

The personal qualities of Frederic William merit to be described. He is tall and handsome, his mien is majestic, and his accomplishments of mind and body would procure him the love of men, were he not a king. He is affable without deceit, friendly and kind in conversation, and stately when stateliness is necessary. His step is firm, his voice

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sonorous, his tone commanding, his heart capable of the noblest sentiments, and so benevolent that his greatest happiness is in the happiness of others. He is bountiful, but not profuse; he knows that, without œconomy, the Prussian power must sink. He is not tormented by the spirit of conquest, he wishes harm to no nation, yet will he not certainly suffer other nations to make encroachments, nor will he be terrified by menaces. That he is a soldier and a general, his great instructor and predecessor has, long since, borne testimony. He is, likewise, convinced how necessary it is that the king of a military state should be the friend of military men.

The wise Frederic, when living, though himself learned, and a lover of the sciences, never encouraged them

them in his kingdom. Germany, under his reign, might have forgotten her language; he preferred the literature of France. Königsberg, once the seminary of the North, contains, at present, few professors, or students; the former are fallen into disrepute, and are ill paid; the latter repair to Leipzig and Göttingen. We have every reason to suppose the present monarch, though no studious man himself, will encourage the academies of the literati, that men learned in jurisprudence and the sciences may not be wanting; which want is the more to be apprehended as the nobility must, without exception, serve in the army, so that learning has but few adherents, and these are deprived of the means of improvement. The nation, which, in this age, is a nation of sol-

diers only, will find itself inferior to competitors. Nor will Frederic William govern with an iron sceptre, or consign his subjects solely to the slaughter-house. He will not be the sultan of slaves. Superstition, stupidity, fear, and the whip, are the support of the despot: he is a monarch who, by teaching his subjects to love and revere him, will excite them to the performance of their duties. These duties are promoted by the promotion of knowledge, consequently the Prussian academies will revive, suppressed as they have been by the military system of Frederic.

Frederic William is also too much the friend of men, to torture, or suffer them to pine in prisons. He will not use the whip to bend the Prussian back to slavery! He likewise abhors the barbarity with which

which the soldiers are beaten: his officers will not be fettered hand and foot; slavish subordination will be banished, and the noble in heart will be the noble of the land. He who deceives such a prince, deserves double punishment. May he, in his people, find perfect content! May his people be ever worthy of such a prince! Long may he reign, and may his ministers be ever enlightened and honourable men! Such is my ardent prayer—Such too is the portrait of a monarch whom I have praised, not because of his titles or his power, but his worth; and because it is his delight to make the good and virtuous happy.

He sent for me a second time, conversed much with me, and confirmed those ideas which my first interview had inspired, and I am fully

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convinced I have not mistaken his character.

On the 11th of March I presented my son, at another private audience, whom I intended for the Prussian service. The King immediately bestowed a commission on him in the Posadowsky dragoons, at my especial request. The difficulty of obtaining such a commission, without having first served as an ensign, is well known; this was, therefore, a particular favour and honour, and my son has the more to expect, since his Majesty has himself promised his promotion.

I saw him at the review at Velau, and his superior officers formed great expectations from his zeal. Thus I have done the duty of a father by my sons: time will discover whether he who is in the Austrian, or
this

this in the Prussian service, will first obtain the rewards due to their father; and to the state that first does such an act of justice will I bequeath my third son. Should they both remain unnoticed, I will bestow him on the Great Turk, rather than on European courts, whence equity to me and mine is banished. Luckily my children are no monarch's vassals. They were born in the free imperial city of Aix la Chapelle; therefore is their will unfettered, and they may, with honour, seek bread in any country.

To Austria I owe no thanks: all that could be taken from me was taken. I was a Captain before I entered those territories, and, after six and thirty years service, I find myself in the rank of Invalid Major! Less I could not be.—My duty I more than fulfilled, and wept in

chains and dungeons so many years, not from any fault of mine, but because I was plundered, sold, and betrayed by Austrian residents, traitors to their embassy, and persecutors at Vienna. The proof of all I have asserted, and of how little I am indebted to this state, is most incontestable, since the history of my life is allowed, by the royal censor, to be publicly sold in Vienna. The same proof exists in Berlin, where my narrative is universally read, and my veracity established.

It is very remarkable that one only of the eight officers, as one of whom I served, in the body guard, in the year 1745, though it is now two and forty years since, is dead. Lieutenant-colonel Count Blumenthal lives in Berlin; Pannewitz is commander of the knights of Malta: both

both gave me a polite and friendly reception. Both were acquainted with the circumstances and manner in which Jaschinsky deceived the King, to my ruin. Wagnitz is lieutenant-general in the service of Hesse-Cassel: he was my tent comrade, and was perfectly acquainted with all that happened. Kalkreuter and Grothusen live on their estates, and Jaschinsky himself is now alive in Königsberg, but known, despised, superannuated, and tortured by sickness and remorse. I have never visited him, nor can I suppose he wishes I should. He, instead of punishment, has forty years enjoyed a pension of a thousand rix-dollars; consequently has cost the state forty thousand rix-dollars. I have seen my lands confiscated, of the income of which I have been forty-two

years deprived, and never yet received retribution.

Such is the way of the world! Frederic robbed the worthy citizen of his right; and, with a part of it, rewarded such a man as Jaschinsky.

Time must decide; the King is generous, and I have too much true pride to become a beggar. The name of Trenck shall be found in the history of the acts of Frederic. This, though I should not desire it, I could not prevent. A tyrant himself, he was the slave of his passions; and, even when he supposed he might be deceived, did not think an inquiry into innocence worth the trouble. To be ashamed of doing right, because he has done wrong, or to persist in error, that fools, for fools only can, may think him infallible, is a dreadful principle in a ruler. While
the

the obstinate Frederic lived, no man dared pronounce my name: no man durst own himself my friend. He is dead; when I am so, no pillar of dishonour shall rise over my grave: my epitaph shall be, " Alas! that " thou wert known too late."

Since I have been at Berlin, and was received there with so many testimonies of friendship and favour, the news-papers of Germany have published various articles concerning me, perhaps with the best of wishes, intending to contribute to my honour, or ease. They have, however, been sometimes misinformed. They have asserted a great pension has been settled on me in Berlin; but, on my honour, I affirm I never asked a pension. They have said my eldest daughter is appointed the governess of the young Princess. This, perhaps,

haps, has been the joke of some witty correspondent; for my eldest daughter is but fifteen, and stands in need of a governess herself. Perhaps they may suppose me mean enough, from ostentation, to circulate falsehood: perhaps they suppose they do me service, or give me pleasure, by publishing, as facts, honours or rewards, for which I hope. It may be malice, and a desire to injure me; it may be the very reverse: in any case, it is no pleasure to me, and may have ill effects. An honest man never is without enemies, who will labour to prevent any good that might happen to him, and who are terrified if they imagine he might become the favourite of a king.

I almost daily receive letters from all parts of Germany, from persons
unknown

unknown to me, wherein the sensations of the feeling heart are evident. The history of my life has excited a general attention. Those reviewers, who have been impartial, have my thanks : those who suspect my veracity, or endeavour to decry my work, must be answered by an appeal to facts. That my history relates many improbable events, and rather resembles a Romance than a work of Biography, is not my fault : extraordinary accidents I have encountered, and extraordinary accidents must relate. My purpose in writing was the publication of truths : nor shall I be accused, except by those who do not know, or who do not consider, this reason, and who are prejudiced against a man pleading his own cause. Were I to attempt to deceive the public, I were indeed

deed unworthy. Among the number of these letters was one, which I received from the learned Bahrdr, Professor at Halle, dated April 10, 1787*; wherein he says, “ Receive, “ noble German, the ardent thanks “ of one who, like you, has en- “ countered difficulties; yet, far “ inferior to those you have encoun- “ tered. You, indeed, with gigan- “ tic strength, have met a host of “ foes, and nobly conquered. The “ pest of men attacked me also: I “ also was persecuted by priests. “ The ardour of my temper en- “ gaged me in many a rash enter- “ prize: and I too have been de- “ voured by a noble pride of heart. “ I was the enemy of hypocrisy,

* The letter of Professor Bahrdr, and the Baron’s answer, are both in verse, but are too barren of poetical merit, or figure, to please in poetical translation. T.

“ and

“ and disdained to be the parasite
 “ of princes. From town to town,
 “ from land to land, I was pursued
 “ by priestcraft and persecution :
 “ yet, in despite of adverse fate, and
 “ poverty, I acquired fame. I fled for
 “ refuge and repose to the states of
 “ Frederic, but found them not. I
 “ have eight years laboured under
 “ affliction with unwearied perseve-
 “ rance, but have found no reward.
 “ By patient industry have I made
 “ myself what I am : by ministerial
 “ favour, never. Even in the states
 “ of Frederic, the hatred of priests
 “ pursued me. Worn out and weak,
 “ lamenting my own destiny, the his-
 “ tory of your life, worthy sir, fell
 “ into my hands, and poured balsam
 “ into my wounds. There, indeed,
 “ I saw sufferings unmeasurable ;
 “ there, indeed, beheld fortitude most
 “ worthy admiration. The cha-
 “ grin

“ grin that preyed upon, the despair
 “ that rent, my heart fled. Compar-
 “ ed to you, of what could I com-
 “ plain? Receive, noble German,
 “ my warmest thanks; while I live
 “ they shall flow. And, should you
 “ find a fortunate moment, in the
 “ presence of your King, speak of me
 “ as one consigned to poverty; as
 “ one whose talents are buried in
 “ oblivion. Say to him—‘ Mighty
 “ King! stretch forth thy hand, and
 “ dry up his tears.’ I know the
 “ nobleness of your mind, and doubt
 “ not your good wishes.”

To the Professor's letter I returned the following answer.

“ I was affected, Sir, by your let-
 “ ter. I never yet was unmoved,
 “ when the pen was obedient to the
 “ dictates of the heart. I feel for your
 “ situation; and, if my example can
 “ teach wisdom even to the wise, I
 “ have,

" have, indeed, cause to triumph.
 " This is the sweetest of rewards.
 " At Berlin I have received much
 " honour, but little more. The
 " courtier fawns to obtain favour
 " and gifts. He who seeks justice
 " mistakes his road. Men are deaf
 " to him who confides only in his
 " right. What have I gained? Sha-
 " dowy fame for myself, and the
 " vapor of hope for my heirs !

" Truth and Trenck, my good
 " friend, flourish not in courts. You
 " complain of priestcraft. He who
 " attacks a nest of hornets must ex-
 " pect to be stung. He who would
 " disturb their ambition and covet-
 " ousness, he who speaks against
 " the false opinions they scatter,
 " considers not priests, and their aim,
 " which is to dazzle the stupid, and
 " stupify the wise. A host of knaves,
 " in

“ in black, act to promote their
 “ earthly interests : and, strange to
 “ tell, the Quixote, who shall dare
 “ molest them, must also encoun-
 “ ter the anger even of the rational !
 “ Deprecate their wrath ! avoid
 “ their poisoned shafts, or they will
 “ infect thy peace ; will blast thy
 “ budding honours. And wherefore
 “ should we incur this danger ? The
 “ world will ever be the same. To
 “ cure ignorance of error is impos-
 “ sible. Silence is often not only
 “ prudence but wisdom. Let us
 “ then silently steal to our graves,
 “ and thus shall we escape the breath
 “ of envy. What is the puppet-shew
 “ of life ? He who should enjoy all
 “ even thought could grasp, should
 “ yet have but little. Having ac-
 “ quired this knowledge, the pas-
 “ sions of the soul are lulled to apa-
 “ thy.

“ thy. I behold error, and I laugh:
“ do thou, my friend, laugh also.
“ If that can comfort us, men will
“ do our memory justice—when we
“ are dead! Fame plants her laurels
“ over the grave, and there they
“ flourish best.

“ **BARON TRENCK.**

“ Schangulack, near Königsberg,

“ April 30th, 1787.

“ P. S. I have spoken, worthy
“ Professor, the feelings of my heart,
“ in answer to your kind panegyric.
“ You will but do me justice, when
“ you believe I think and act as I
“ write. With respect to my influ-
“ ence at court, 'tis just as insigni-
“ ficant, at Berlin, as at Vienna, or
“ at Constantinople.”

Among

Among the various letters I have received, as it may answer a good purpose, I hope the reader will not think the insertion of the following improper. They may be read by some benevolent person, who may have power to speak in behalf of one who is evidently, not only distressed, but a man of very considerable talents.

In a letter from an unknown correspondent, who desired me to speak for this person at Berlin, eight others were enclosed. They came from the above person in distress, to this correspondent; and I was requested to let them appear in the Berlin Gazette. As these letters came from Silesia anonymously to hand, and as I found it could answer no good purpose, I did not publish them as required; but my
corre-

correspondent cannot take it amiss that I should select three of them, and here present them to the world, as it can do his friend no injury while they describe an unhappy victim of an extraordinary kind; and may, perhaps, obtain him some redress, or relief.

Should this hope be verified, I am personally acquainted with him who wishes to remain concealed, can send him aid, or introduce him to the knowledge of such as might wish to interfere in his behalf. Should they not, the reader still will find well written and affecting letters; such as may inspire compassion. My own situation permits me not to plead for another; nor affords me the means of relieving the unfortunate. The following is the first of those I think proper to select.

L E T-

LETTER I.

Neuland, Feb. 12, 1787.

“ I THOUGHT I had so satis-
 “ factorily answered you by my last
 “ that you would have left me in
 “ peaceful possession of my sorrows;
 “ but your numberless remarks, in-
 “ treaties, and remonstrances, suc-
 “ ceed each other with such rapidity
 “ that, though before inclined indo-
 “ lently to fly, I am again induced
 “ to renew the contest. Cowardice,
 “ I believe, you are convinced, is
 “ not native in my heart: and,
 “ should I now too easily yield, you
 “ might suppose that age, and the
 “ miseries I have suffered, had weak-
 “ ened my powers of mind as well
 “ as body; and that I ought to be
 “ classed among the unhappy mul-
 “ titudes,

“titudes, whose sufferings have
 “sunk them to despondency.

“Baron Trenck, that man of
 “many woes, once so despised, but
 “who now is held in admiration
 “where he before was so much the
 “object of hatred; who now speaks
 “loudly in his own defence there,
 “where, formerly, the man who had
 “but whispered his name would
 “have lived suspected; Baron
 “Trenck you propose as an exam-
 “ple of salvation for me. You are
 “wrong.—Have you made any ra-
 “tional comparison? Have you con-
 “sidered how dissimilar have our past
 “lives been; how different, too, are
 “our present circumstances?—Or,
 “omitting these, have you considered
 “to whom you would have me appeal?
 “In the year 1764 I became
 “acquainted, in Vienna, with this
 VOL. III. E “sufferer

“ sufferer of fortitude, this agreea-
 “ ble companion. We are taught
 “ that a manly and noble aspect be-
 “ speaks a correspondent mind:
 “ this I believe him to possess. But
 “ what expectations can I form from
 “ Baron Trenck?

“ I will, however, briefly answer
 “ the questions you have put; for
 “ prolix I must not be, otherwise I
 “ should write the history of my life.
 “ Baron Trenck was, as I am inform-
 “ ed, a man born to inherit great
 “ estates: this and the fire of his
 “ youth, fanned by flattering hopes
 “ from his famous, and then power-
 “ ful kinsman, rendered him too
 “ haughty to his King; and this
 “ alone was the origin of all his
 “ future sufferings. I on the con-
 “ trary, though the son of a Silesian
 “ noble-

" nobleman of property, did not
 " inherit so much as the pay of
 " a common soldier ; the family hav-
 " ing been robbed of their property
 " by the hand of power, after be-
 " ing accused by malice and wicked-
 " ness, under the mask of holy vir-
 " tue. You know my father's
 " fate, the esteem in which he
 " was held by the Empress Tereza ;
 " and that a pretended miracle was
 " the occasion of his fall. Sud-
 " denly was he plunged from that
 " height, to which industry, talents,
 " and virtue, had raised him, to
 " the very depth of poverty. At
 " length, on the commencement of
 " the seven years war, one of the
 " King of Prussia's subjects repre-
 " sented him, to the Austrian court,
 " as a dangerous correspondent of
 " Marshal Schwerin's. Then sixty

“ years of age, my unfortunate
 “ father was seized at Jagerndorf,
 “ and imprisoned in the fortress of
 “ Gratz, in Styria. He had an al-
 “ lowance just sufficient to keep him
 “ alive in his dungeon; but, for the
 “ space of seven years, never beheld
 “ the sun rise or set. I was a boy
 “ when this happened: the certain-
 “ ty of his innocence, however,
 “ emboldened me to intercede in his
 “ behalf, at the foot of the throne.
 “ I was not heard. I only received
 “ some pecuniary relief from the
 “ Empress, with permission to shed
 “ my blood in her defence. In this
 “ situation we first became acquaint-
 “ ed, first vowed eternal friendship;
 “ but from this was I soon snatched,
 “ not by my own, but my fa-
 “ ther’s enemies. What the Em-
 “ press had bestowed her ministers
 “ tore

"tore from me. I was seized at
 "midnight, and without examina-
 "tion was brought, in company
 "with two other officers, to the
 "before-mentioned fortress of Gratz.
 "Here did I remain immured, in
 "the flower of youth, fix dismal
 "years. My true name was con-
 "cealed, and another given me. I
 "was treated like a malefactor, and
 "kept under seven locks.

"Peace being restored, Trenck.
 "I, and my father, were released;
 "but the mode of our mutual re-
 "lease was very different. The first
 "obtained his freedom at the in-
 "tercession of Teresa: she too af-
 "forded him a future provision.
 "We, on the contrary, according
 "to the amnesty, stipulated in the
 "treaty of peace, were led from our
 "dungeons as state prisoners, a pub-

" lic spectacle, without the least en-
 " quiry concerning the verity, or
 " falsehood, of our supposed crimes.
 " Extreme poverty, wretchedness,
 " and misery, were our reward for
 " the sufferings we had so unjustly
 " endured.

" Not only was my health de-
 " stroyed, but my jaw-bone was
 " lost, eaten away by the scurvy.
 " I laid before Frederic *the Great*
 " the proofs of the calamities I had
 " undergone, and the dismal state
 " to which I was reduced, by his
 " foe, and for his sake; intreat-
 " ed bread to preserve me and my
 " father from starving: but his ear
 " was deaf to my prayer, his heart
 " insensible to my sighs.

" Providence, however, raised me
 " up a saviour: — Count Gellhorn
 " was the benevolent man. After
 " the

“ the taking of Breslaw, he had
 “ been also sent a state prisoner to
 “ Gratz. — During his imprison-
 “ ment, he had heard the general re-
 “ port of my sufferings, and my inno-
 “ cence. No sooner did he learn I
 “ was released than he generously be-
 “ came my benefactor, my supporter,
 “ my friend, and once more restored
 “ me to the converse of men, to
 “ which I had so long been dead.

“ I defer the continuation of my
 “ narrative to the next post. The
 “ remembrance of past woes inflicts
 “ present.

“ I am eternally.”

L E T T E R II.

February 24, 1787.

“ DEAR FRIEND,

“ AFTER an interval of silence,
“ to calm my agitated heart, remem-
“ bering my promise, I must conti-
“ nue my story.

“ My personal sufferings have
“ not, certainly, as I think, been less
“ than those of Trenck. His, how-
“ ever, I am acquainted with only
“ from the inaccurate relations I
“ have heard; my own I have felt.
“ How can I forget them? A co-
“ lonel in the Prussian service, whose
“ name was Hallasch, was four
“ years my companion; he was
“ insane, and believed himself the
“ Christ that was to appear at the
“ millen-

“ millennium : he persecuted me with
 “ his reveries, which I was obliged
 “ to listen to, and approve, or suffer
 “ violence from one stronger than
 “ myself.

“ The society of men or books,
 “ every thing that could console or
 “ amuse, were forbidden me ; and I
 “ consider it as wonderful that I
 “ did not myself grow mad, in the
 “ company of this madman. Four
 “ hard winters did I exist without
 “ feeling the feeble emanation of a
 “ winter’s sun, much less the warmth
 “ of fire. The very madman felt
 “ more pity than my keeper, and
 “ lent me his cloak to cover my
 “ body, though the other inhumanly
 “ denied me a truss of straw, not-
 “ withstanding I had lost the use of
 “ my hands and feet. The place
 “ where we were was called a cham-

“ber: it rather resembled the tem-
 “ple of Cloacina. The noxious
 “damps and vapours at length so
 “poisoned my blood that, together
 “with ill treatment from an unskil-
 “ful surgeon, who daily tortured
 “me, during nine months, with in-
 “sult, as a Prussian traitor, and
 “state criminal, I lost the greatest
 “part of a jaw. We, too, were
 “nightly disturbed by the calling of
 “centinels, and were frequently ter-
 “rified by the grating of locks and
 “bolts, and the entrance of guards.

“Schottendorf was our governor
 “and tyrant; a man who repaid the
 “friendship he found, in the mansion
 “of my fathers, with cruelty. He
 “was ripe for the sickle, and Time
 “cut him off. — Tormentini and
 “Galer were his successors in office,
 “but not in insolence and inhumana-
 “nity:

" nity: by them we were, indeed,
 " carefully watched, but we also
 " were treated with commiseration.
 " We enjoyed air without a bribe,
 " and the comfort of sweet water.—
 " Their precautions warded off jail
 " distempers likewise, and rendered
 " imprisonment less wretched. Ever
 " shall I hold their memory sacred.
 " Yet, benevolent as they were, their
 " goodness was even exceeded by that
 " of Rottensteiner, the head jailor.
 " Without education, without other
 " principles than those an excel-
 " lent understanding taught, he con-
 " sidered his unfortunate prisoners
 " as his children; and, instead of
 " enriching himself by plunder-
 " ing the poor and oppressed, he
 " was, himself, their benefactor.—
 " Of this I had continual experience,
 " during two years after the release

“ of Hallafch. — He deserved a
 “ better station; a station as noble
 “ as his own thoughts. *GOULD* ”

“ Here, my friend, I but cursorily
 “ describe misery, at which the
 “ monarch shall shudder, if the blood
 “ of a tyrant flow not in his veins.
 “ Teresa could not with these
 “ things; yet they were. But she
 “ was human, she was fallible, and
 “ not omniscient. *WILLIAMSON* ”

“ From the above narrative you
 “ will perceive how opposite the
 “ effects must be, which the histories
 “ of Baron Trenck and of myself
 “ must produce. *GOULD* ”

“ Trenck left his dungeon, shield-
 “ ed from want and contempt: the
 “ day of freedom was the day of
 “ triumph. I, on the contrary, was
 “ exposed to every possible calamity.
 “ The spirit of Trenck, bowed as it
 “ had

“ had been by affliction, again
 “ raised itself. I have watched and
 “ laboured many a succeeding night
 “ that I might neither beg nor perish
 “ the following day: working for
 “ judges who neither knew law, nor
 “ had sufficient powers of mind to
 “ behold the native beauty of jus-
 “ tice: rectifying or settling ac-
 “ counts that, item after item, did
 “ but prove the lord, they were in-
 “ tended for, was an imbecile dupe.

“ Trenck remembers his calami-
 “ ties, but the remembrance is ad-
 “ vantageous to himself and his fa-
 “ mily; while, with me, the past did
 “ but increase, did but agonize,
 “ the present, and the future. He
 “ was not, like me, obliged to
 “ crouch in presence of those vulgar,
 “ those mean, those incapable minds,
 “ that do but consider the bent back

rebu

“ as

“ as the footstool of pride. Every
 “ man is too busy in the gratification
 “ of self, to busy himself in behalf
 “ of others: pity me, therefore, but
 “ advise me not to hope assistance,
 “ by petitioning princes at second
 “ hand. I know your good wishes,
 “ and, for these, I have nothing to
 “ return but barren thanks.

“ I am, &c.”

LETTER III.

“ YES, I do not, cannot doubt
 “ your friendship, your zeal, to serve
 “ me, but you have been often for-
 “ tunate in the accomplishment of
 “ your hopes; I, never.

“ The prospect of gain makes the
 “ usurer adventurous; but, by digging
 “ under

“ under the foundation, to conceal
 “ or to recover his treasure, he may
 “ chance to overthrow his house,
 “ and bury himself under its ruins.
 “ The voice of suffering virtue is,
 “ alas ! unable to be heard, amid
 “ the agitated waves of a court : she
 “ utters a feeble cry, sinks, and is
 “ no more seen. I fear the persecu-
 “ tion of the clergy — Monarchs
 “ themselves bow before their
 “ power !

“ Beside, is Trenck in that situa-
 “ tion that justifies his interference
 “ in behalf of a stranger ? Certainly
 “ not. Oh, no ! — We have been
 “ dreaming ; you to begin, and I
 “ to continue, a correspondence on
 “ such a subject. Were he, like
 “ you, my intimate, my old friend,
 “ perhaps his great experience of
 “ the world might lead him to ima-
 “ gine

“ gine some mode of procuring a
 “ supply, sufficient fully to satisfy my
 “ very few wants, for few, indeed,
 “ they are. Unless he ask it, con-
 “ ceal my name. His silence will
 “ evince his real incapability to do
 “ me service; his good will cannot
 “ be doubted.

“ Every caution is necessary; for,
 “ were I driven from this poor re-
 “ fuge of wretchedness, I might fall
 “ into the power of one who may
 “ be a tyrant, who might again rob
 “ me of light and air, and, adding
 “ torture to calamity, branding me
 “ as a traitor, might delight to
 “ inflict pangs incessant, and render
 “ death tedious.

“ Farewel.”

The

The reasons why I published the foregoing letters are already stated, and will, I make no doubt, appear satisfactory to the reader. Once more to affairs that more immediately concern myself.

The following I yesterday received from Poland, from a correspondent, who is likewise to me unknown.

“ Reschaw, in Galicia,

“ April 30, 1787.

“ SIR,

“ EVERY feeling heart, every person who had the honour of being acquainted with you, during your abode in Austria, receives the purest satisfaction, from the justice at present done you, and the high
“ honours

“honours by which you are distin-
 “guished, at the court of Berlin,
 “and of which we are informed by
 “the public papers. Yes, sir, it
 “is a sweet subject of consolation,
 “for suffering humanity, to behold
 “that you, now, find favour and jus-
 “tice from a power where the most
 “unbridled barbarity, formerly, gave
 “birth to the bitterest sufferings, and
 “the most inconceivable cruelty.

“Every compassionate person, in this
 “our district of bears, has read, has
 “wept over, these sufferings, so truly
 “depicted in the history of your life.
 “Thrice have the pages been bedew-
 “ed by my tears. My present hope is
 “to see a continuation of your histo-
 “ry, written on the now benevolent
 “banks of the Spree. Alas! sure,
 “like the first navigator of Horace,
 “he must in oak and triple steel
 “be

“ be armed, who should not feel pity
“ in behalf of an honest man, an
“ enlightened author, a brave soldier,
“ and a good citizen.

“ Let me intreat your acceptance
“ of this testimony of the heart, from
“ a man who, though unknown to
“ you, is, with the most worthy
“ and best-informed men of Poland,
“ your sincere admirer. It is a respectful
“ tribute, paid to uncommon merit.

“ I am, &c.*”

* This letter contains some verses, which are only a repetition of similar sentiments with itself, or of facts told in the Life of the Baron. Some of them were addressed to the Princess Czatoryska, who, having read the Baron's history, had become highly interested by the events it related. T.

I have

I have here published the foregoing letter, that I may have an opportunity of thanking the person who has paid me such high compliments, and who has concealed his name that I might not have the difficulty of answering so flattering an epistle.

I feel the happiness of being held in estimation, by the noble-minded; and, if the Princess Czatoryska can credit her correspondent, and my writings, she will read how great my present sensations of joy are, at having the happiness to attain so invaluable an honour.

I might fill a volume with like letters, but they appertain to another collection.

I met, at Berlin, many old friends of both sexes: among others, an aged invalid came to see me, who was at Glatz, in 1746, when I cut
my

my way through the guard. He was one of the centinels before my door, and whom I had thrown down the stairs.

Another invalid, who had assisted me, when imprisoned at Magdeburg, in ridding myself of my bags of sand, came also to visit me.

The hour of quitting Berlin, and continuing my journey into Prussia, toward Königsberg, my native country, approached. On the eve of my departure, I had once again the happiness of conversing, more than two hours, with her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia, sister of Frederick the Great*. Possessed of native greatness of mind, and deep penetration, she solely had the honour of gaining the entire confidence and friendship of Frederick.

* This princess is supposed to be the lady so often alluded to in the first volume. T.

She,

She, as far as she was able, protected me in my hour of extreme adversity; heaped benefits upon me, and, more than any other person in the world, contributed to gain my deliverance. Not as a foreign officer did she receive me, during my stay in Berlin, but as a friend, as an aged patriot; and laid her commands upon me to write immediately to my wife, and request that she would come to Berlin, in the month of June, with her two eldest daughters. I received her promise that the happiness of the latter should be her care; nay, that she would certainly remember my wife in her will.

At this moment, when about to depart, she affectionately asked me if I had money sufficient for the expences of my journey: "Yes, madam," was my reply; "for myself
" I want

“ I want nothing, ask nothing; but
 “ may you remember my children!”

The sensibility, the deep feeling with which I pronounced these words, moved the princess; she shewed me how perfectly she comprehended my meaning, took me by the hand, and said, “ Return, my friend, quickly; I shall be most happy to see you.”

I hastily left the room; a kind of indecision came over me. I was inclined to remain some days longer at Berlin. Had I done so, my presence would most indubitably have been of great advantage to my children. Alas! ever under the guidance of my evil genius, I began my journey. The clear prospect of futurity was instantly overclouded; the principal purpose for which I came to Berlin frustrated; for, five days after
 my

my departure, the princess Amelia died !

Is not this a new proof that my implacable destiny will never quit pursuing me, even to the grave ? He, who reads my history attentively, will see that a thousand times have I beheld the shores of happiness, and that, the very moment I imagined I was about to cast anchor in the haven of tranquillity, again has an unforeseen hurricane driven me into the very midst of the wild and angry ocean.—Yes, yes,—so it has been, so it shall be.

In vain would the benevolent friends of man offer petitions to Heaven that my latter days might be spent in peace. Their prayers rise not; they reach not the seat of mercy ! Never has Heaven inspired the hearts of princes to act effectually

ally in my favour. Even when my friends have seriously intended to assist me, or in their wills to bequeath me generous legacies, either they have been persuaded to the contrary, by my enemies, or prevented, by death, from fulfilling their good intentions. Many facts of this kind might I cite, particularly some that have been occasioned by father confessors.

This last unfortunate accident befel me through my own fault; I ought better to have employed the favourable moment. The more critical it was the more ardent should I have been not to have let it escape. But I imagined myself too certain. I was too timid, had too much sensibility, or rather, indeed, too much pride to let interested views be seen, at such a moment.

“ Well, well — who can recall
“ the past? — It is the will of Provi-
“ dence, thus to restrict your happi-
“ ness.”

Such are the apophthegms in which the credulous find consolation : for my own part, I am of the sect of the Sceptics. I am convinced that, by ill-timed delicacy, I have neglected many opportunities of making my fortune. Neither shall Satan be accused of interfering, for he has had too many proofs it is not in his power to make me despair ; he cannot so entrap my soul, which on the contrary is rather inspired, by disappointment, with new fortitude, to encounter new misfortune. If it be the will of Heaven that I am not to enjoy happiness here, on earth, but that my Christian spirit must content itself with court compliments, reputation

tation acquired, and the world's compassion, without expecting any thing from the magnanimity of the best of sovereigns; then will I live, satisfied, in my confined circle, and comfort myself with the reflection that I have deserved better.

If wealth be necessary to happiness, so indeed must my happiness be small. It is now winter with me, and never more can it be spring. I will no more be the dupe of vague and silly hopes. Plans of aggrandizement I am too old to form; am too proud, too obstinate and headstrong for the precincts of a court.

Peace be to thy ashes, noble princes! Thy will was good, and be that sufficient. I shall not want materials to write a commentary on the history of Frederic, when, in company with thee, I shall wander on the
F 2
banks

banks of Styx; there, the events that have happened on this poor earth may be written, without scruple or danger. Till when, it is most probable, I shall give repose to my pen, unless some extraordinary incidents should once more reanimate my self-love, and, by the publication of new truths, I should be induced to expose myself to new persecutions; from which, however, may the good God preserve me! He can have no pleasure in seeing his creatures unhappy. He yet may inspire the hearts of kings, to think of what I have been deprived, and of what is my due.

So proceed we with our story.

On the 22d of March I departed from Berlin, and pursued my journey to Königsberg, but remained two days at the court of the Margrave of Brandenburg Schwedt, where I
was

was received with kindness and esteem. The Margrave had bestowed favours on me, during my imprisonment at Magdeburg.

I departed thence through Soldin to Schildberg, there to visit my relation Sidau, who had married the daughter of my sister, which daughter my sister had by her first husband, Waldow, of whom I have so often spoken in my first volume. I found my kinsman a worthy and honourable man, and one who made the daughter of an unfortunate sister happy. I was received at his house with open arms; and, for the first time during an interval of two and forty years, beheld one of my own relations.

On my journey thither, I had the unexpected pleasure to meet with Lieutenant-general Kowalsky. This good gentleman was a lieutenant in

the garrison of Glatz, in the year 1746, and was an ocular witness when I leaped from the wall of the rampart. He had read my history, with some of the principal facts of which he was previously acquainted. Should any one, therefore, doubt concerning those incidents which I have related, of my escape from Glatz, and which, because of the difficulties attending their execution, have been, by some, incapable themselves of a like enterprize, supposed incredible, I may refer them to him, whose testimony cannot be suspected.

From Schildberg I proceeded to Landsberg, on the Warta. Here I found my brother-in-law, Colonel Pape, commander of the Gotz dragoons, and the second husband of my deceased sister; and here I passed a happy and a joyous day. Every
body

body congratulated me on my glorious return into my country, and offered up their ardent prayers for my future felicity.

I found relations in almost every garrison, and was almost every where detained. Never did man receive more honourable marks of esteem throughout a kingdom. The general knowledge of my unmerited calamities procured me this sweet consolation; and I were insensible indeed, and ungrateful, did my heart remain unmoved on occasions like these.

Yes, this is my delectable reward; a reward not conferred by princes; a reward to which virtue only can aspire; and which has been bestowed upon me with profusion; a reward which the hatred of the puissant Frederic could retard, but

could not prevent; Nature had given me too robust a body: a reward so great, so delightful, so dear to remembrance, that, when put as a counterpoise to the afflictions I have suffered for the space of two and forty years, I hold it more than equivalent, and feel it overbalances them all! My heart glories in its past groans, all my wounds are healed, and, though the scars remain, they remain but the honourable proofs of victory.

Raised by misfortune, I live my country's monument, where many instructive, many exemplary lessons may be read. Remember me, O my friends, in the hour of sorrow; relate my story to your children; publish aloud that my bones have deserved to be laid in the sepulchre of my forefathers; and, though I am not permitted

mitted to rest my white locks on the pillow of repose in my own country, though it be my destiny to die in the land to which envy, imposture, imbecility, and a thirst of ill-gotten gain have banished me, still let my memory live among you; still let me hope my name shall be held in veneration! To you I leave my children; in them may you behold their father's probity revive; them may you distinguish from the children of those who have suffered nothing for, lost nothing in, their country.

In Austria I never can expect a like reception; I am there mistaken, and I feel little inclination to labour at removing mistakes so rooted. Yet, even there, as in Prussia, am I, by the general voice, approved. Yes, I am admired, but not known; pitied, but not supported; honoured,

but not rewarded. The powerful
 are wilfully blind. Yet blind may
 they remain, I will not grieve.
 "Who," saith Gellert, "is the great
 "man by whom thou art honoured?
 "Say, doth he truly know to esti-
 "mate merit? Imagine him de-
 "prived of titles, his riches lost,
 "his badges of honour gone, and
 "perhaps thou wouldst then con-
 "temn his applause, for thou wouldst
 "despise his person."

When at Berlin, I discovered an
 error I had committed in the first
 volume of my Life. At the time I
 wrote, having been wrong informed,
 I believed that the postmaster-gene-
 ral of Berlin, M. Derfchau, was my
 mother's brother, and the same per-
 son who, in 1742, was, first, grand
 counsellor at Glogau, and, after-
 ward, president in East Friesland.

I was

I was deceived : the Derfchau, who is my mother's brother, is still living, and president at Aurich in East Friesland.—The postmaster was the son of the old Derfchau who died a general, and who was only distantly related to my mother. Neither is the younger Derfchau, who is the colonel of a regiment at Burg, the brother of my mother, but only her first-cousin ; one of their sisters married Lieutenant-colonel Ostau, whose son, the President Ostau, now lives on his own estate, at Lablack, in Prussia.

I mention this at present for the information of a person who, because I had committed this trifling error, which was caused by my having been absent from my country above five and forty years, thence took occasion to persuade the world my

F 6.

history

history was all false: having corrected the mistake, I may add, I do not suppose any Derfchau has reason to be ashamed of being allied to the family of Trenck, which, for three hundred years past, has intermarried with the most ancient families in Prussia, and which, in the history of the country, has given incontestable proofs of real nobility of heart.

I was, likewise, deceived in having suspected a lieutenant, whose name is Mollinie, in the narrative I gave of my flight from Glatz, of having acted as a spy upon me at Braunau, and of having sent information to General Fouquet. I am sorry. This honest man is still alive, a captain in Brandenburg. He was affected at my suspicion, fully justified himself, and here I publicly apologize. He then was, and again is become,
my

my friend. The person who really gave information, to General Fourquet, was Captain Nimschofsky, my own cousin, who came to visit me at Braunau, and, under the mask of friendship, concealed the traitor.

I have also received a singular letter from one Lieutenant Brodowsky. This extraordinary gentleman is offended at finding his mother's name in my narrative, and demands I should retract my words. Alas! how can I retract the truth: and truth too which cannot be offensive to any person? Menaces never yet could induce me to commit such an action.

My readers certainly will allow the virtue of Madam Brodowsky, at Elbing, is not impeached. Although I have said I had the fortune to be beloved by her, I have no where
in-

intimated that I asked, or that she granted, improper favours.

Certainly I had no intention to injure my preceptor Brodowsky, who had lived in my father's house, and who afterward journeyed to my mother, purposely to procure me speedy succour. I never meant to injure his honour living, nor his memory dead.

The parents having been my friends, I certainly wish I could oblige the son; but I never can write that facts, inserted in the history of my life, which have happened to myself, are false or imaginary. A man of understanding will not be angry should another say to him, "Your mother once loved me." M. Brodowsky, the father, never was jealous; and it is strange, indeed, that his son should be. I here declare

clare that, with respect to myself, Madam Brodowsky was certainly chaste; but I also here declare I have a right to assume some merit to myself. This I think a sufficient answer to the letter of the lieutenant.

By the express desire of a person of distinction I shall insert an incident, in this place, which I omitted in the second volume, lest I should have fatigued my readers by a too-circumstantial recital of my various attempts to escape from prison. This honourable person was himself an eye witness of the incident I am about to relate, at Magdeburg, and reminded me of the affair. It was my last attempt but one at flight. The circumstances were these:

As I found myself unable to get rid of more sand, after having once again

again cut through the planking, and mined the foundation, I made a hole toward the fossé, or ditch, in which three centinels were stationed. This I executed one stormy night, it being easy, from the lightness of the sand, to perform the work in two hours.

No sooner had I broken through than I silently drew back the sand within the hole, and threw one of my slippers beside the palisadoes, that it might be supposed I had lost it when climbing over them. These palisadoes, twelve feet in height, were situated in the front of the principal fossé, and my centinels stood within. There was no centry-box at the place where I had broken through.

This done, I returned into my prison, made another hole under the planking,

planking, where I could hide myself, and stopped up the passage behind me, so that it was not probable I could be seen or found.

When day-light came, the centinel saw the hole, and gave the alarm, the officer ran terrified, the slipper was found, and it was concluded that Trenck had fortunately escaped over the palisadoes, and was no longer in prison.

Immediately the sub-governor came from Magdeburg, the alarm guns were fired, the horse scoured the country, and the fortification and subterranean passages were all visited; no tidings came; no discovery was made, and the conclusion was, I had certainly escaped. That I should fly without the knowledge of the centinels was deemed impossible; the officer, and all the guard,

guard, were put under arrest, and every body was struck dumb with surprise.

I, in the mean time, sat quiet in my hole, where I heard their searches, and suppositions that I certainly was gone. My heart bounded with joy, and I held escape to be indubitable. They most undoubtedly would not have placed sentinels over the prison the following night, and I then really should have left my place of concealment, and, most probably, have safely arrived in Saxony. My cruel destiny, however, robbed me of all hope at the very moment when I supposed the greatest of my difficulties conquered.

Every thing seemed to happen as I could wish. The whole garrison came, and visited the casemates,
and

and all stood astonished at the miracle they beheld. In this state things remained till four o'clock in the afternoon. At length an ensign of the militia came, a boy of about fifteen or sixteen years of age, a very chicken in appearance, but who had more wit than any or all of them. He approached the hole, examined the aperture next the fosse, thought it appeared very small, endeavoured to enter it himself, found he could not, therefore concluded it was impossible a man of my size could have passed through, and, accordingly, called for a light.

This was an accident I had not foreseen. Half stifled in my hole, I had opened the canal under the planking. No sooner had the youth procured a light, than he perceived my white shirt, examined nearer, felt

felt about, and laid hold of me by the arm.

The fox was caught, and the laugh was universal. My chagrin and confusion may easily be imagined. They all came round me, paid me their compliments, and, finding nothing better was to be done, I laughed in company with them, and, thus laughing, was led back, with an aching, a distracted heart, to be sorrowfully enchained in my dungeon.

The contrivance was highly applauded by all those who wished I might effect my escape, among whom was the honourable person who desired I would here insert this anecdote.

I continued my journey, and arrived,

arrived, on the fourth of April, at Königsberg, where my brother impatiently expected my arrival: We embraced as brothers must, after an absence of two and forty years. Of all my brothers and sisters I had left in this city, he only remained. He lived a retired and peaceable life on his own estates, fulfilling all the duties of a man. He had no children living. I continued a fortnight in company with him, and his worthy wife, at Königsberg, with infinite satisfaction of heart, and afterward went with him to his country seat, where I stayed six weeks.

Happy days! Numbered among the most happy of my life! In the midst of relations, nephews, nephews' children, cousins and kinsmen of all degrees, who came to compliment me on my return to
 revisit

revisit the place of my nativity, I imagined myself the father of the family: I enjoyed that happiness which a fire enjoys, whose name is one of the most respectable of the land, and who is related, by ties of blood, to most of the neighbouring families. Man, at a certain time of life, is no where so happy as at home, especially if, like me, he has wandered into foreign lands, seen their manners and customs, and been received by their inhabitants with cordiality and friendship.

Here, for the first time, I learnt what had happened to my relations, during my absence. The wrath of the great Frederic extended itself to all my family. My second brother was an ensign in the regiment of cuirassiers at Kiow, in the year 1746, when I first incurred dis-

disgrace from the King. Six years he served, fought at three battles, but, because his name was Trenck, never was promoted. Weary of expectation, he at length quitted the army, married, and lived on his estate at Meicken, where he died, about three years ago, and left two sons, who are an honour to the family of the Trencks.

Common fame spoke him a person capable of rendering the state essential service, as a military man, for the soldier's profession was his choice; but he was my brother, and the King would never suffer his name to be mentioned.

My youngest brother applied himself to the sciences; it was proposed that he should receive some civil employment, as an intelligent
and

and well-informed man: but the King answered, in the margin of the petition,

“ No Trenck is good for any thing.”

Thus has all my family suffered, because of my unjust condemnation. My last-mentioned brother chose the life of a private man, and lived at his ease, in estimation and independence, among the first people of the kingdom.

The hatred of the monarch extended itself to my sister, who had married the son of General Waldow, and lived in widowhood from the year 1749, to her second marriage. The misfortunes of this excellent woman, in consequence of the treachery of Weingarten, and the aid she sent to me in my prison at Magdeburg, I have before related.

She

She was possessed of the fine estate of Hammer, near Landsberg on the Warta. The Russian army changed the whole face of the country, and laid it desert. She fled, with what effects she could collect, to Custrin, where every thing likewise was burnt and destroyed during the siege. The Prussian army itself demolished the fine forests.

After the war, the King assisted all the ruined families of Brandenburg; she alone obtained nothing, because she was my sister. She petitioned the King, who replied she must seek for redress from her dear brother.

She died, in the flower of her age, a short time after she had married her second husband, the present Colonel Pape: her son, also, died last

year. He was captain in the regiment of the Gotz dragoons.

Thus were all my brothers and sisters punished because they were mine. Who is he that shall afford retribution for so many tragical events? Could it ever be believed that the great Frederic, like the great Zabaoth, would revenge himself on the children, and the children's children? Was it not sufficient that he should wreak his wrath on my head alone? Why has the name of Trenck been hateful to him, to the very hour of his death? This must ever remain an incomprehensible enigma.

I never would basely kiss the foot that spurned me. When innocent, I sought to avoid being spurned, and know myself guilty of no other crime.

One Derschau, captain of horse,
and

and uterine brother of my mother, secretly addressed himself to the King, in 1753, alleged he was my nearest relation, and feudal heir, and petitioned that he would bestow on him my confiscated estate of Great Scharlack.

The King demanded that the necessary proofs should be sent from the chamber at Königsberg. He was informed that I had two brothers living, that Great Scharlack was an ancient family inheritance, and that it appertained to my brothers, and not to Derschau.

My brothers then announced themselves as the immediate successors to this fief, and the King bestowed on them the estate of Great Scharlack, conformable to the feudal laws. That it might be properly divided, it was put up to auction,

and bought by the youngest of my brothers, who paid the surplus to the other, and to my sister. He, likewise, paid debts, charged upon it according to the express orders of the court. The persons, who called themselves my creditors, were impostors, for I had no creditors; I was but nineteen when my estates were confiscated, consequently was not of age. By what right, therefore, could such debts be demanded, or paid? Let them explain this who can. Any man might say whatever he pleased, for I was not present to contradict.

The same thing happened, when an account was given in to the Fiscus of the guardianship, although I acknowledge my guardians were men of probity. One of them, however, was eight years in possession, and,

and, when he gave it up to my brothers, he did not account with them for a single shilling.

At present, therefore, the affair stands thus: Frederic William has taken off the sentence of confiscation, and ordered me to be put in possession of my estates, by a gracious rescript: empowered by this, I come and demand restitution; my brother answers, "I have bought and paid for the estate, am the legal possessor, have improved it so much that Great Scharlack, at present, is worth three or four times the sum it was at the time of confiscation. Let the Fiscus pay me its actual value, and then let them bestow it on whom they please. If the reigning king gives what his predecessor sold to me, I ought not thereby to be a loser."

This is a problem which the people of Berlin must resolve. My brother has no children, and, without going to law, will bequeath Great Scharlack to mine, when he shall happen to die. If he is forced in effect to restore it, without being reimbursed, the King, instead of granting a favour, has not done justice. I do not request any restitution like this, since such restitution would be made without asking it, as a favour of the King. If his Majesty takes off the confiscation, because he is convinced it was originally violent and unjust, then have I a right to demand the rents of two and forty years. This I am to require from the Fiscus, not from my brother.

And, should the Fiscus only restore me the price for which it then sold,
it

it would commit a manifest injustice, since all estates in the province of Prussia have, since the year 1746, tripled and quadrupled their value.

If the estate descends only to my children after my death, I receive neither right nor favour; for, in this case, I obtain nothing for myself, and shall remain deprived of the rents, which, as the estate is at present farmed, by my brother, amount to four thousand six-dollars per annum. This estate cannot be taken from him legally, since he enjoys it by right of purchase. It will not be the King, who, when I am dead, will bestow it upon my children; but my brother, who will bequeath it them by will.

Such is the present state of the business. How the benevolent

monarch shall think proper to decide, will be seen hereafter. I have demanded, of the Fiscus, that it shall make a fair valuation of Great Scharlack, reimburse my brother, and restore it to me. My brother has other estates. These he will dispose of by testament, according to his good pleasure.

Be these things as they may, the purpose of my journey is accomplished. My brother is my friend, and the father of my children. My son is in his majesty's service, and my honour is justified in my own country. In Prussia, at least, I am victorious over fate.

Reader, if thou hast noble thoughts, rejoice with me, and, from my history, learn that evil itself may convert to good. In the nineteenth year of my age, I lost my

my fortune, my liberty, my all, honour and fortitude excepted, and these it was not in the power of the despot to take. Two and forty years have I lived deprived of my property, two and forty years endured poverty, and even excessive indigence, with the exception of some few intervals, without ever being guilty of meanness, and, in the moment of good fortune, I have been liberal even to prodigality. I often have been deceived, but never was a deceiver. Those who plundered me blush at my name. I walk proudly even in the presence of kings. I write truths without disguise, and my writings find toleration, and privilege. I was despised, condemned, and rejected, yet obtained, even in the dungeon's depth, than which no man could

G 5

descend

descend lower, the general esteem and approbation of the worthy.

Thou, great God, hast preserved me amidst my trouble. The purest gratitude penetrates my heart. Oh that it might please thee never to let mortal endure what I have endured, or, if so it cannot be, that thou wouldst grant him equal strength to wrestle with woe! Oh that thou wouldst shield man from arbitrary power, and banish despotism from the earth! Dishonour, cast headlong down, and exterminate the enemy of man, and let all prevaricating judges be, like mine, reduced to cleanse the streets of filth. Suffer not the hypocritical knave to injure and insult the virtuous. May this my tragical narration be a lesson to the afflicted, afford hope to the despairing, fortitude

itude to the wavering, and shake
and humanize the hearts of kings !

Joyfully now do I journey to
the shores of death. My duty is
fulfilled, my end attained, tranquillity
deserved. My conscience is void
of reproach, posterity shall bless
my memory, and only the unfeeling,
the wicked, the confessor of princes,
and the pious impostor, shall vent
their rage against my writings.
My few remaining hours of life
shall still be dedicated to the love
of men. For my own part, my
wants are few. My mind is desir-
ous of repose; and, should this be
denied me, still will I not murmur.
I now wish to steal gently, though
not wholly unknown, toward that
last asylum, whither if I had gone in
my youth, it must have been with
colours flying. Grant, Almighty

God, that the prayer I this day
 make may be heard, and that
 such may be the conclusion of my
 eventful life.

THE
HISTORY
OF
FRANCIS BARON TRENCK,
A PARTISAN COLONEL, AND COMMANDER
IN CHIEF OF THE PANDOURS, IN THE
SERVICE OF HER MAJESTY THE
EMPRESS-QUEEN.

WRITTEN BY
FREDERIC BARON TRENCK,
AS A NECESSARY SUPPLEMENT TO HIS
OWN HISTORY.

11 1 5 T O R Y

THE BARON TRENCH

A BARON OF THE KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND, OF THE COUNTY OF DUBLIN, IN THE
PARISH OF ST. MARTIN, CITY OF DUBLIN,
AND OF THE COUNTY OF DUBLIN, IN THE
PARISH OF ST. MARTIN, CITY OF DUBLIN.

WITNESSETH

THE BARON TRENCH

A BARON OF THE KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND, OF THE COUNTY OF DUBLIN, IN THE
PARISH OF ST. MARTIN, CITY OF DUBLIN,
AND OF THE COUNTY OF DUBLIN, IN THE
PARISH OF ST. MARTIN, CITY OF DUBLIN.



THE
HISTORY
OF
FRANCIS BARON TRENCK.

FRANCIS Baron Trenck was born, in 1714, in Calabria, a province of Sicily. His father was then a governor, and lieutenant-colonel there, and died, possessed of these honours, in 1743, at Leitschau in Hungary, lord of the rich manors of Prestowacz, Pleternitz, and Pakratz, in Sclavonia, and other considerable estates in Hungary. His christian name was John; he was my father's brother, and born in Königsberg.

berg, in Prussia, where the family is well known, and where it has possessed estates ever since the times of the Teutonic knights.

The name of his mother was Kettler; she was born in Courland, but I am unacquainted with her family.

Suffice it to say that Trenck, whose history I write, was, both by father and mother, a gentleman of ancient family; and that his grandfather and mine was of Prussia. He was not, as his enemies propagated at Vienna, the son of a Sclavonian robber. His father, who had served Austria, with honour, till the age of sixty-eight, died, as I have said, at Leitschau, with the rank of colonel, and bore those wounds to his grave which attested his warlike valour.

Francis Baron Trenck was his only son; he had attained the rank of colonel

lonel during his father's life, and served with distinction in the army of Maria Theresa.

I shall say nothing of his early youth. The history of his life, which he published in 1747, when he was under confinement at Vienna, is so full of minute circumstances, and so poorly written, that I shall make but little use of it. Here I shall relate only what I have heard from the most creditable persons, from his enemies themselves, and what I have myself seen.

His ancient father, a bold and daring foldier, idolizing his only son, and superlatively avaricious, wholly neglected his education, so that the passions of this son were most unbridled. Endowed, by nature, with very extraordinary talents, the heir of a rich father, this ardent youth

youth was early his own master, and allowed to indulge the impetuous fire of his constitution. Moderation was ever utterly unknown to him, and good fortune most remarkably favoured all his enterprizes. These were numerous, undertaken from no principle of virtue, nor actuated by any motives of humanity. The love of money, and the desire of fame, were the passions of his soul. All his wishes were successful, therefore were all his wishes indulged. To his warlike inclination was added the insensibility of a heart natively wicked; and he found himself an actor, on the great scene of life, at a time when the earth was drenched with human gore, and when the sword decided the fate of nations: hence this chief of pandours, this scourge of the unprotected, naturally became

became an iron-hearted enemy, a ferocious foe of the human race, a formidable enemy in private life, and a perfidious friend.

Constitutionally choleric and sanguinary, addicted to voluptuous pleasures, sensual, and brave; he was unappeasable when affronted, prompt to act, in the moment of danger circumspect, and, when under the dominion of anger, inhuman and cruel even to fury; irreconcilable, artful, fertile in invention, and ever intent on great projects.

When youth and beauty inspired love, he then became supple, insinuating, amiable, gentle, respectful; yet, ever excited, by pride, unceasingly to pursue his purpose, each conquest gave but new desires of adding another slave over whom he might domineer; and, whenever he encountered

tered unshaken resistance, he even then ceased to be avaricious. A prudent and intelligent woman, turning this part of his character to advantage, might have formed this very singular man to virtue, probity, and the love of the human race; but, from his most tender infancy, his will had never suffered restraint, and he thought nothing impossible. As a soldier, he was bold even to temerity; capable of the most hazardous enterprize, and of laughing at the danger himself provoked. His ambitious projects were the more elevated because that the acquirement of renown was the intent of all his actions. In council he was dangerous; every thing must cede to his views. To him the means, by which his end was to be obtained, were indifferent. Woe to the wretch who hoped

hoped to excite his compassion, by submission and prayer!

The Croats at this time were undisciplined, prone to rapine, thirsting for human blood, and only taught obedience by violence and blows; these had been the companions of his infancy; these he undertook to subject, by servitude and fear, to military subordination, and, from banditti, to make them soldiers. His habitual intercourse with such a species of men gave him that fierceness of character, which has been so often remarked in tyrants.

With respect to his exterior, Nature had been prodigal of her favours. His height was six feet three inches, and, though his stature was thus gigantic, the symmetry of his limbs was exact; his form was upright, his countenance agreeable,
yet

yet masculine, and his strength almost incredible. He could sever the head from the body of the largest ox, with one stroke of his sabre, and he was so adroit at this Turkish practice that he at length could behead men in the manner boys do nettles. In the latter years of his life, his aspect was become terrible; for, during the Bavarian war, he had been scorched by the explosion of a powder-barrel, and ever after his face remained scarred and impregnated with black spots.

In company he rendered himself exceedingly agreeable, spoke seven languages fluently, was jocular, possessed wit, and in serious conversation understanding; had learned music, sung with taste, and had a good voice, so that he might have been well paid as an actor, had that been his fate. He could even, when so disposed,

disposed, become gentle and complaisant; but, wherever he could command, he was a monster.

His look told the man of observation that he was cunning and choleric; and his wrath was terrible. He was ever suspicious, because he judged others by himself. Self-interest and avarice ever constituted his ruling passion, and, whenever he had an opportunity of increasing his wealth, he equally disregarded the duties of religion, the ties of honour, and human pity. In the thirty-first year of his age, when he was possessed of nearly two millions, he did not expend a florin per day, so that he even denied himself necessaries.

As he and his pandours always led the van, and as he thence had opportunity to ravage the enemy's country, at the head of troops so addicted

addicted to rapine, we must not wonder that Bavaria, Silesia, and Alsatia, were so plundered. He alone purchased the booty from his troops, at a low price, and this he sent by water to his own estates. If any one of his officers had made a rich capture, Trenck instantly became his enemy. He was sent on every dangerous expedition, till he fell, and the colonel became his universal heir, for Trenck appropriated all he could to himself.

He was reputed to be a man most expert in military science, an excellent engineer, and to possess an exact eye in estimating heights and distances. Hence had he the first of advantages that a partisan leader can enjoy, that of being perfectly acquainted with the country in which the war is carried on. In all enterprises

prizes he was the first; inured to fatigue, his iron body could support it without inconvenience. Nothing escaped his vigilance, all was turned to account, and what valour could not accomplish cunning supplied. His pride suffered him not to incur an obligation, and thus was he by principle unthankful; his actions all centred in self, and, as he was remarkably fortunate in whatever he undertook, he ascribed even that which accident gave to foresight and genius. Depending thus on himself, he was incapable of seeking, valuing, or maintaining friendship, therefore was abandoned when he most needed the firm support of friendship.

Yet was he, ever, as an officer, a most useful and inestimable man to the state. His love and respect for

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his fovereign, and his zeal in her service, were unbounded : wherever her glory was at stake, he would willingly have devoted himself her victim. This I assert to be truth : I probed his heart, and knew him well. Of little consequence is it to me, whether the historians of Maria Teresa have, or have not, misrepresented his talents, and the fame he deserved. I am one of those biographers who do not stop to relate trifles. I hold it most essential, first, to describe the true character of the man whose life I write ; his virtues, his vices, and his passions, without disguise ; and afterward to support what I have affirmed, by the relation of facts, of the veracity of which the reader will judge, by comparing them with what he has before learned concerning the character of the man,

con-

concerning whom such facts are related.

According to principles like these ought all the histories of our heroes and monarchs to be written; their virtues and vices ought so to be portrayed that their successors may not be deceived, but may determine for themselves, according to the characteristic traits laid before their eyes, and amend their own errors. The parasite, the self-interested and the timid historian, alike, are the friends of falsehood. I write not romances, to disguise the failings or the crimes, to palliate the detestable acts, or to magnify the virtues, of king, or hero. I write truth, for the information and improvement of man.

The life of Trenck I write for the following reasons. He had the

H 2

honour

honour first to form, and command, regular troops, raised in Sclavonia. The soldiers acquired glory under their leader, and sustained the tottering power of Austria: they made libations of their blood in its defence, as did Trenck, in various battles. He served, like a brave warrior, with zeal, loyalty, and effect.

The vile persecutions of his enemies, at Vienna, with whom he refused to share the plunder he had made, lost him honour, liberty, and, not only the personal property he had acquired, but, likewise, the family patrimony, in Hungary. He died, like a malefactor, illegally sentenced, in imprisonment; and knaves have affirmed, and fools have believed, and believe still, he took the King of Prussia prisoner, and that he granted him freedom, in consequence

sequence of a bribe. So have the loyal Hungarians been led to suppose that a Hungarian had really been a traitor.

By my writings, I wish to prove to this noble nation that Trenck, for his loyalty, on the contrary, deserved compassion, esteem, and honour, in his country. This I have already done in the former part of my history. The truth of this affirmation no man denies; for I have offered to bring the legal acts in testimony of what I have asserted, should the monarch be inclined to examine events so dishonourable to justice, or to act, in this case, as Frederic William has acted, at Berlin, where I have been heard in my own justification. The dead Trenck can speak no more; but it is the

H 3 duty

duty of the living ever to speak in defence of right.

Trenck wrote his own history, during the suits carried on against him, while he was confined in the arsenal at Vienna; and, in the last two sheets, he openly related the manner in which he had been treated by the council of war, of which Count Löwenwalde, his greatest enemy, was president. The count, however, found supporters too powerful, and these sheets were torn from the book, and publicly burnt by the hangman at Vienna. Defence after this became impossible: he groaned under the gripe of his adversaries.

I have given a literal copy of these sheets in the first volume of my life; and, I again repeat, I am able to prove the truth of what is there asserted, by the acts, proceedings,

ceedings, and judicial registers, which are in my possession. He was confined in the Spielberg, because much was to be dreaded from an injured man, whom they knew capable of the most desperate enterprizes. He died defenceless, the sacrifice of iniquity and unjust judges. He died, and his honour remained unprotected.

I am, by duty, his defender; although he expired my personal enemy, the author of all the ills I have suffered. I came to the knowledge of his persecutors too late for the unfortunate Trenck. And who are those who have divided his spoils; who slew him that they might fatten themselves? Who has seen any one of their families render a Trenck to the state? Who ever discovered a man of noble heart amid their

H 4 offspring?

offspring? Prosperity be to your excellencies, now, by the grace of Heaven and the Empress, the nobles of the land! Your titles have been paid for from the coffers of Trenck! Yet neither can these your cabals, your wealthy protectors, your own riches, nor your credit at court, deprive me of the right of vindicating his fame.

I have boldly written, have openly shewn, that Trenck was pillaged by you; that he served the house of Austria as a worthy man, with fidelity and zeal; not by coming powdered upon the parade; not in court-martials, and committees of enquiry; but sword in hand, fighting for his country, sharing the soldier's glory, yet, afterward, falling the victim of envy and power; falling by the hands of those who are unworthy, incapable,

incapable, of judging merit and probity. He take the King of Prussia ! He took the Emperor of Morocco.

Yes he is dead—But should any man on earth dare openly affirm that the Hungarian or the Prussian Trenck were either of them capable of treason, that either of them merited punishment at Vienna or at Berlin, for having betrayed their country, he will not have long to seek before he will be informed that he has done us both injustice. After this preface, I shall continue my narrative according to the plan I proposed.

Trenck, the father, was a miser, past service, yet a well meaning man. Trenck, the son, on the contrary, was a youthful soldier, turbulent and hot, who stood in need of money to indulge his pleasures. Many

curious pranks he played, when an ensign in I know not what regiment of foot.

He went to one of the collectors of his father's rents and demanded money; the collector refused to give him any, and Trenck cleaved his skull with his sabre. A prosecution was commenced against him,* but, war breaking out, in 1736, between the Russians and the Turks, he, with the permission of the court of Vienna, raised a squadron of hussars, and went with it into the Russian service, contrary to the will of his father.

In this war he distinguished himself highly, and acquired the protection of Field-marshal Munich. He was so successful, and so daring,

* This and similar anecdotes afford a most melancholy picture of the state of vassalage in these countries.

as a partisan leader against the Tartars, that he became very famous in the army, and, at the end of the campaign, was appointed major.

It happened, on some occasion, that flying parties of the Turks approached the front of his regiment, when on march, and Trenck, seeing a favourable moment for attacking them, went to Colonel Rumin, desiring that the regiment might be led to the charge, and that they might profit by so fair an opportunity. The timid colonel answered, “ I have no such orders.” Trenck then demanded permission to charge the Turks only with his own squadron; but this was refused.—He immediately became furious, for he had never been acquainted with contradiction or subordination, and cried aloud to the soldiers—

H 6

“ If

“ If there be one brave man among
 “ you, let him follow me.” About
 two hundred immediately stepped
 from the ranks; he put himself at
 their head, routed the enemy, made
 a horrible carnage, and returned in-
 toxicated with joy, accompanied by
 prisoners, and loaded with dismembered
 heads.

Once more arrived in presence of
 the regiment, he attacked the colonel,
 treated him like the rankest coward,
 called him opprobrious names, and
 beat him, without the other daring
 to make the least resistance.

The adventure, however, became
 known; Trenck was arrested, and
 ordered to be tried.

His judges condemned him to be
 shot—and the day was appointed—
 but, the evening before execution,
 Field-marshal Munich passed, ei-
 ther

ther by chance or design, near the tent in which he was confined.——

Trenck saw him, came forward, and said, —“ Certainly your excellency
“ will not suffer a foreign cavalier
“ to die an ignominious death, be-
“ cause he has chastised a cowardly
“ Russian! If I must die, at least
“ give me permission to saddle my
“ horse, and, with my sabre in my
“ hand, let me fall, surrounded by
“ the enemy.”

The Tartars happened to be, at this time, harassing the advanced posts; the field-marshal shrugged his shoulders, and was silent. —— Trenck, still, not discouraged, added —“ I will undertake to bring your
“ excellency three heads, or lose my
“ own. Will you, if I do, be pleased
“ to grant me my pardon?” — The field-marshal replied, —“ Yes.” The
horse

horse of Trenck was immediately brought; he galloped to the enemy, and returned singly, with four heads knotted to his horse's mane, himself only slightly wounded in the shoulder.

Munich embraced him; and immediately appointed him to be a major in another regiment.

Various, and almost incredible, were his feats; — among others, a Tartar ran him through the belly with his lance: Trenck grasped the projecting end with his hands, exerted his prodigious strength, broke the lance, set spurs to his horse, and happily escaped. Of this wound, dreadful as it was, he was soon cured.

I myself have seen the two scars, and that far may affirm the truth of the fact. I also learned this, and
many

many others, in 1746, from officers who had served in the same army, and who had been eye-witnesses of what they related.

During this campaign he behaved with great honour, was wounded by an arrow in the calf of the leg, and gained the affection of the Field-marshal Munich, but excited the envy of all the Russians. Toward the conclusion of the war he had a new misfortune; his regiment was on the march, and incommoded on all sides by the enemy: he intreated his colonel, for the love of God, to permit him to attack them. The colonel was once more a Russian, and he was refused. Trenck gave him a blow, and called aloud to the soldiers to follow him. They, however, being Russians, remained motionless—

tionless—and he was put under arrest.

The court martial sentenced him to death—and all hope of reprieve seemed over. The general would willingly have granted his pardon, but, as he was himself a foreigner, he was fearful of offending the Russians by such partiality, they having begun to murmur.

The day of execution came, and he was led to the place of death. — Munich, however, so contrived it that Field-marshal Lowenthal should pass by, at this moment, in company with his lady. Trenck profited by the opportunity, spoke boldly, and prevailed. A reprieve was requested, and the sentence was changed into banishment and labour in Siberia.

Trenck

Trenck protested against this sentence. The field-marshal wrote to Petersburg, and an order came that he should be broken, and conducted out of the Russian territories. This order was accordingly executed, and he returned into Hungary to his father.

At this period he espoused the daughter of the Field-marshal Baron Tillier, of one of the first families in Switzerland.

The two brothers of his wife, each, became lieutenant-general, one of whom died honourably, during the seven years war, and particularly favoured by his sovereign. The other was made commander general in Croatia, where he is still living, and at the head of a regiment of infantry that bears his name.

Trenck did not long live with his lady.

lady. She was pregnant, and, his diversions being ever consonant to his unruly temperament, he took her to hunt with him in a marsh, whence she returned ill, being unaccustomed to such exercise, and died, without leaving him any heir.

Warlike inclinations would not long permit him to remain idle. — Having no opportunity to indulge these, because of the general peace, he conceived the project of extirpating the Sclavonian banditti.

Before I proceed it will be proper to describe this race of men, whom no person before him had dared to attack, although they laid the whole country under contribution, and exercised the utmost cruelties.

The title of their chiefs was Harum-Bashaw; and they were elected

ed from among the strongest, the most intelligent, and the boldest men of the nation. So severe were their laws that the smallest fault was punished by strangling the culprit.

If any one of their comrades had been betrayed, there is no example that they ever so much as spared the infant, even in its mother's womb.

Their vengeance was unlimited; and if, by chance, the whole band were defeated with slaughter, in such kind of attempts, the new Harum-Bashaw of their successors was bound to carry fire and sword to the place where his predecessor had fallen.

In effect, they were true partisans; maintained spies in Turkey, and occasionally fell upon the Turkish banditti, taking from them their booty, and plundering and assassinating

nating the caravans of merchants.—
 Therefore they spread universal terror throughout the country: no one durst expose himself to their enmity; and all the landholders paid them a small contribution, that they might protect them from the incursions of the Turkish banditti. Such landholders as were their tributaries lived, with their vassals, tranquil and in full security; for it was a law, among the Slavonian banditti, never to forfeit their word.

Each Harum-Bashaw had a stipulated number of men, and, when any one of them died, all the youths, most adroit and renowned for their feats, became candidates for the vacant place, because that these banditti lived in abundance, and were not obliged to work.

They freely traversed all the country

try armed, and were well known by their large rings and buttons of silver. When government thought proper to pursue and attack them, and they were obliged to encounter the regulars, they generally had the advantage, and could take shelter, when attacked, in their vast forests, with the paths and thickets of which they were well acquainted. At such times they became a great nuisance to the neighbouring hamlets, which they pillaged at pleasure.

Trenck, therefore, began his military exploits anew against this singular race of men. To execute this enterprize, he employed his own vassals and pandours. He was afterward assisted by a detachment of regulars, having promised the court of Vienna, that he would totally destroy these banditti. The bloody
con-

contest now commenced—men were racked and impaled, and it may, perhaps, be safely affirmed that more activity, precaution, and courage, were necessary to insure success in such a kind of war, than to lead a great army to the field of battle.

Trenck seemed born for this murderous trade. Day and night on the watch, he chased them, like wild beasts, by tracing their footsteps; killing now one, then another, and without distinction treating them with the utmost barbarity. Father and son alike must bleed: nor was he himself a moment certain he should not fall into their hands, or be betrayed by his own soldiers.

Two incidents, which I shall here relate, will sufficiently paint the character of this unaccountable man. —

He

He had impaled alive the father of a Harum-Bashaw. One evening he was going on patrol, along the banks of a brook, which separated two provinces. On the opposite shore was the son of this impaled father, with his Croats. — It was moon-light, and the latter called aloud——

“ I hear thy voice, Trenck ! —
 “ Thou hast impaled my father ! —
 “ Thou persecutest us like a rascal,
 “ with craft and cruelty. If thou
 “ hast a heart in thy body, come
 “ hither, over the bridge — I will
 “ send away my followers ; leave
 “ thy fire-arms, come only with thy
 “ sabre, and we will then see who
 “ shall remain the victor.”

The agreement was made — and the Harum-Bashaw sent away his Croats, and laid down his musket.

Trenck

Trenck passed the wooden bridge, both drew their sabres; but Trenck treacherously killed his adversary with a pistol, that he had concealed, after which he severed his head from his body, took it with him, and stuck it upon a pole.

The reader will determine concerning the heroism of this action toward a thief, who, although a thief, behaved so nobly.

Be this as it may, he continued to ensnare them by every kind of artifice, and to pursue them with unrelenting vengeance. Thus he became the terror and the scourge of that pernicious race.

One day, when he was hunting, he heard music in a lone house, which belonged to one of his vassals. He was thirsty, entered, and found the guests seated at table. He sat himself

self down, and ate with them, not knowing that this very house was a place of rendezvous for the banditti.

As he was seated opposite the door, at a long narrow table, he saw two Harum-Bashaws, armed, and of a gigantic stature, enter. His musket stood in a corner; he was struck with terror; but one of the banditti addressed him thus :

“ Neither thee, nor thy vassals,
 “ Trenck, have we ever injured, yet
 “ dost thou pursue us with unex-
 “ ampled cruelty. We think more
 “ nobly. Eat thy fill; we could
 “ nail thee to the wall; but fear no-
 “ thing. When thou hast satisfied
 “ thy hunger, we will then, sabre in
 “ hand, see who has most justice on
 “ his side, and whether thou art as

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“ cou-

“courageous and as invincible as
“men speak thee.”

Hereupon they sat themselves down opposite him at the table, and began to eat and drink and make merry. The situation of Trenck could not be very pleasant. He recollected that, beside these two giants, there might be more of their companions without, ready to fall upon him; he, therefore, privately drew his pistols from his pocket, held them under the table while he cocked them, presented each hand to the body of a Harum-Bashaw, fired them both at the same instant, oversat the table on the other guests, and safely escaped from the house. As he went he had time enough to seize on one of their muskets, which was standing at the door. One of the Croats was left weltering in his blood; the other

7

disengaged

disengaged himself from the table, and ran like a man frantic after Trenck, who suffered him to approach, killed him with his own gun, struck off his head, and brought it home in triumph.

By this action the banditti were deprived of their two most valourous chiefs, and, likewise, of their courage, so that, cut off on every side, numbers of them took refuge in the Turkish states.

War broke out about this time, in the year 1740, when all the Hungarians took up arms in defence of their lovely and beloved queen. Trenck wrote to Vienna, offered to raise a free corps of pandours, and requested a general amnesty for all the banditti who should join his troops. His request was granted, he published the amnesty, and began

to raise recruits: few, however, of the banditti came to join his colours; he, therefore, enrolled his own vassals, formed a corps of about five hundred men, went in search of the robbers, drove them into a strait between the Save and Sarfawa, where they at length capitulated, and about three hundred of them enrolled themselves with his pandours.

Most of these men were six feet in height, upright, determined, and experienced soldiers, that could swim, and were accustomed to run, like roe-bucks, for miles through their forests. These were necessary requisites before they could be admitted among the banditti.

It is not to be wondered at that an able leader of men like these found nothing impossible, or that he should perform, brave and daring as he

he was, even to rashness, feats that almost appear miraculous. So long as any of these banditti remained, the name of the pandours was terrible; but a man like himself only was capable of establishing discipline, order, and subordination among them. To indulge them, on certain occasions, in their riots and their thirst of pillage, were means which he often successfully employed to lead them where he pleased, and to render them victorious. To be dauntless in the midst of danger, to be ever at their head, to speak only of plunder and good cheer, are the requisites for an officer of such troops, and without which he will find it difficult to lead them to the attack. Should they perceive timidity in him, they become inactive, mutinous, and desert. To render them effective he

must treat them with severity, and must wink at that excess of barbarity to which they often abandon themselves.

By means like these Trenck accomplished his purposes, became the terror of the enemies of Austria, and rendered most signal services to his Empress.

The event I am going to relate happened in 1741, when his soldiers were yet undisciplined.

While he was exercising his regiment, a company fired upon Trenck with ball, and killed his horse under him, and his servant that stood by his side. He ran, furious, to the company, counted one, two, three, and beheaded the fourth. He was continuing this when a Harum-Bashaw left the ranks, drew his sabre, and called aloud,—“ It was I who fired
“ upon

“ upon thee, defend thyself.” The soldiers stood motionless spectators. Trenck attacked him, and had the good fortune to hew him down.

He was then proceeding to continue the execution of the fourth man, but the whole regiment presented their arms. The revolt became general, and Trenck, still holding his drawn sabre, ran like a lion amidst them, hacking about him on all sides. The excess of his rage was terrific: the soldiers all called Hold, each fell on his knees, and promised obedience. After this, he cordially embraced some of them, remonstrated and harangued to them in language suitable to their character, and, from that time, they became invincible soldiers, whenever they were headed by himself.

It may well be asked whether a

man, who in like peril is capable of acting with like intrepidity, ought to be judged by common rules. Trenck, however, was condemned by the decision of some pacific court-martial judges, who had grown old in a soldier's uniform, without ever having stained it with their own blood. Let the situation of Trenck be considered: be it remembered that he was the chief of a band of robbers, accustomed to rapine, and who supposed they were authorised to take whatever they pleased, in an enemy's country; a banditti that had so often defied the gallows, that had never known military subordination. Let such men be suddenly led to the field, and opposed to regular troops. That they are never acted upon by a principle of honour is evident; their leader, therefore, is obliged to excite their

their avidity by the hope of plunder, thus to engage them in action; for, if they perceive no personal advantage, the command of the chief, or the interest of the sovereign, are wholly insufficient to make them act. Turks may be led to battle from such motives, but not the artful Sclavonian, who flies danger where nothing is to be gained.

Trenck had, likewise, need of a particular species of officers. They, like their chief, must at once be daring, yet cautious. They were partisans, and must, therefore, be more capable of supporting fatigue, than any regular troops; more desirous of daily seeking the enemy, and hazarding their lives. Few are to be found who have the inclination and the qualities requisite for so dangerous a trade; and, when such

forces are first raised, the first who present themselves are necessarily accepted.

As he was himself never absent at the time of action, he soon became acquainted with the character of those whom he called old women, and sent them from his regiment, without any other process than his own command, when he learned that any one among them had hidden himself in a ditch, or had not run to the assault at the head of his pandours. The number of officers so discharged increased, they all repaired to Vienna, vented their complaints, and were heard.

Envious of his good fortune, the enemies of Trenck were on the watch. His own avarice prevented him from making any division of his rich booty with those gentlemen who
con

constituted the military courts, thus neglecting what was customary at Vienna: and in this originated the prosecution to which he fell a victim.

Scarcely had he entered Austria, with his Slavonian troops, before he found an opportunity of gathering laurels. The French army was defeated at Lintz. Trenck everywhere pursued them, treated his prisoners with barbarity; and, never granting quarter in battle, the very appearance of his pandours inspired terror. Their cruelties, their irresistible attacks, and the artful stratagems they had learnt in their thievish apprenticeship, were productive of effects equally dreadful and unforeseen.

Trenck was prudent, vigilant, a great warrior, and knew how to profit by the slightest advantage. From

this time he became known and renowned, gained the confidence of Prince Charles, and the particular esteem of the Field-marshal Count Kevenhuller, who had penetration to discover the worth of the man, and to turn the talents he possessed to advantage. No partisan had ever before obtained so much power as Trenck; he every where preceded the army, and pursued the enemy as far as Bavaria, carrying fire and sword wherever he went. The state reaped the advantages of conquest, and the pandours of plunder, by the hope of which alone they were actuated, and, under a leader so proper for themselves, enacted wonders.

Bavaria was laid waste. Prince Charles granted Trenck a *carte blanche*, and, as it was known Trenck gave no quarter, the Bavarians, and
 I O I the

the French, flew at the sight of a red mantle. Pillage and murder attended the pandours wherever they went, and their colonel bought up all the booty they acquired.

Chamb, in particular, was a scene of dreadful and savage massacre. The city was set on fire at every corner, and the inhabitants miserably perished in the flames; those women and children, who endeavoured to fly, were obliged to pass over a bridge, where they were first stripped, and afterward thrown into the water. This action was one of the accusations brought against Trenck, when he was prosecuted; but he alleged in his justification,

First, That the citizens of Chamb had cut off the hands of six pandour prisoners, and had led them in triumph through the town.

Secondly,

Secondly, That the place had been taken by assault.

Thirdly, That Prince Charles had given him orders thus to act.

The banks of the Iser at this day reverberate groans for the barbarities of Trenck. Deckendorf and Filtzhofen felt all his fury. In the first of these towns, six hundred French prisoners capitulated, although his forces were four miles distant; but he formed a kind of straw men, on which he put pandour caps and cloaks, and set them up as centinels, and the garrison, intimidated and deceived by this stratagem, signed the capitulation, in company only of himself, his adjutant, and some officers.

The important services he rendered the army during the Bavarian war are well known in the history of
Maria

Maria Terefa, though his actions have ever been represented with a face the least favourable. The good he has done has been purposely passed over in silence, because he died under misfortunes, and did not leave his historian a legacy.

He was informed by a spy that, either at Deckendorf or Filtzhofen, I do not exactly remember which, there was a barrel, containing twenty thousand florins, concealed at the house of an apothecary. Impelled by the desire of booty, Trenck hastened to the place indicated, with a candle in his hand, searching every where, and, in his hurry, dropt a spark into a quantity of gun-powder which happened to be there, by the explosion of which he was dashed against the ground, and dreadfully scorched. They carried him off; but

but the scars, and the gun-powder with which his skin was blackened, in consequence of this accident, rendered his countenance remarkably terrific.

The present Field-marshal Laudohn was at that time a lieutenant in his regiment, and happened to be at the door when his colonel was burnt. Scarcely was Trenck cured before his spies informed him that Laudohn had plenty of money, and that he and his friends lived merrily. Immediately he suspected that Laudohn had indubitably found the barrel of florins, and from that moment he persecuted this worthy man, by all imaginable arts. Wherever there was danger he sent him, at the head of some thirty men, against three hundred, hoping to have him cut off, and to make himself his heir.

This

This was so often repeated that Laudohn began to be weary, quitted the corps, and retreated to Vienna, where, joining the crowd of the accusers and enemies of Trenck, he became instrumental in his destruction. Yet is it certain that, in the beginning, Trenck had shewn a friendship for Laudohn, had given him a commission, and that this at present truly great man learned, in the society and under the command of Trenck, his military principles.

General Tillier, whose warlike ardour is well known to the whole army, was likewise formed in this nursery of soldiers, where officers were taught activity, stratagem, and enterprize. And who are now more capable of commanding a Hungarian army than Tillier and Laudohn?

I one day said to Trenck, when
he

he was in Vienna, embarrassed by all the difficulties of his prosecution, and when he had published a defamatory writing against all his accusers, excepting no man,—

“ You have always told me that
 “ Laudohn was one of the most ca-
 “ pable of your officers, and that he
 “ is a worthy man. Wherefore then
 “ do you class him among such
 “ wretches ?”

He replied, “ What ! would you
 “ have me praise a man, who la-
 “ bours, at the very head of my
 “ enemies, to rob me of honour,
 “ property, and life !”

I have related this incident only to prove, by the public testimony of so honourable a man, that Trenck was a great foldier, and a zealous patriot, and that he never took the King of Prussia prisoner, as has been
 meanly,

meanly, because falsely, affirmed, and as is still believed by the silly multitude. Had such a thing happened, Laudohn must have been present, and certainly would have supported this charge. That he did not is the best proof of my assertion, by which I vindicate the honour of the family, as in duty bound to my children.

Bavaria was totally plundered by Trenck, as has been said: barges were loaded with gold, silver, and effects, which he sent to his estates in Slavonia; Prince Charles and Count Kevenhuller countenanced his proceedings; but when Field-marshal Neuperg was at the head of the army, he had other principles. He was connected with Baron Tiebes, a counsellor of the Hofkriegsrath, who was all-puissant over military men, and consequently was the enemy of Trenck.

Per-



Persecution proceeded so far that a suit was at that time instituted against him, and Trenck was imprisoned; but he defended himself so powerfully that in a month's time he was set at liberty.

Mentzel, mean while, had the command of the pandours; and this man, who was the son of a butcher, and who had none of the principles of a foldier, appropriated to himself all the fame that Trenck had acquired by the valour of warriors he himself had formed.

Mentzel attained the reputation of an excellent partisan, but it was well known to the army he never was the equal of Trenck, nor will he so be called in history. Trenck now increased the number of his Croats to four thousand, from whom, in 1743, a regiment of Hungarian
regulars

regulars was formed, but who still retained the name of Pandours. It was a regiment of infantry.

Trenck also had six hundred hussars, and one hundred and fifty chaffeurs, whom he raised and equipped at his own expence. Yet, when this corps was reduced, all was sold for the profit of the imperial treasury, or in some manner embezzled, without ever bringing a shilling to account.

With a corps so numerous, he was capable of undertaking great enterprizes. The enemy fled wherever he was named. He continually led the van, raised contributions which amounted to several millions, carried various places by assault, delivered into the hands of his Emperess, during the space of five years, seven thousand prisoners, French and Bavarian,

Bayarian, and more than three thousand Prussians, having slaughtered at least as many, which no other partisan can boast.

A circumstance most remarkable is, he never was defeated. His projects were all successful: he, therefore, gained esteem and confidence among his troops, and will eternally remain in the page of history the first man who rendered the rude and savage Croats efficient soldiers.

This it was impossible to perform among a stupid and blood-thirsty people, without being guilty himself of extravagant and cruel acts. The necessity of the excesses he committed, at a time when the army was every where in want of forage, was so evident that he received the unlimited permission of
 Prince

Prince Charles, though for this he was afterward prosecuted; while, on the contrary, the plunders of Barenklau, Mentzel, and the whole army, were never once questioned.

That Trenck advanced more than a hundred thousand florins, to his regiment, I clearly proved, in the year 1750. This proof also came too late. He was dead. The evidence I brought, however, occasioned the quarter-master Frederici to be eight months imprisoned. He confessed the embezzlement of this money, yet he found so many friends among the enemies of Trenck that he refunded nothing, but was released in the year 1754, when I was thrown into the dungeon of Magdeburg.

I was not an eye witness, therefore cannot recapitulate all the services

vices my cousin rendered the house of Austria. The greater part of what he himself told me has escaped my memory. Many of his acts, however, are well known to history, and would indeed have been unceasingly extolled in the annals of Maria Teresa, had not he been thus persecuted.

Nothing can be more astonishing than that this same man, who had possessed so many opportunities of amassing exorbitant wealth, in Bavaria, Silesia, and Alsatia, and who had lived like a miser, that so he might amass, did not at his death leave the half of the property he had inherited from his father, and which legally descended to me, although it was torn from me by violence.

In 1744 he obliged the French
to

to retire beyond the Rhine, seized on a fort near Phillipsburg, swam across the river with seventy pandours, attacked the fortifications, slew the Marquis de Crevecœur with his own hand, a death he merited by his negligence, manned the post, afterward traversed the other arm of the Rhine, surprised two Bavarian regiments of cavalry in their camp, and, by this daring manœuvre, secured the passage of the Rhine to the whole army, which, but for him, would not have been effected.

His valour then spread terror and fear throughout Alsatia. Wherever he came, he laid the country under contribution, and, at this moment of triumph for the Austrian arms, opened himself a passage

on what side he pleased, to enter the territories of France.

In September 1744, war having once more broken out between Austria and Prussia, the imperial army was obliged precipitately to return, abandon Alsatia, and hasten to the succour of the Austrian states. Trenck, who had so happily opened the passage of the Rhine for the army, as gloriously succeeded in covering its retreat.

The history of Maria Teresa declares what were the damages he did the enemy, during the campaign of this memorable year. He gave very signal proofs of his capacity and zeal at Tabor and Budweis. With three hundred men only, he had the boldness to attack one of those towns, which was defended by the two Prussian regiments of
Wal-

Walrabe, and Kreutz. An enterprize like this, against Prussian soldiers, sufficiently speaks the man.

He found, however, that the water in the moats of the town, was deeper than his spies had declared it to be, and the scaling ladders too short: most of those led to the attack were drowned or killed in the water, and the small number that crossed the moats were made prisoners. The garrisons of Tabor, of Budweis, and that of the castle of Frauenberg, were, nevertheless, induced to capitulate, and yield themselves prisoners of war, although the main body under Trenck was still more than five miles distant.

His corps did not come up till the morrow, and it was ridiculous enough to see the pandours dressed

in the caps of the Prussian fusileers and pioneers, which they wore instead of their own, and which they afterward continued to wear.

Unprejudiced persons will determine whether these were real services rendered to his Empress.

The campaign to him was uninterruptedly glorious, and the enemy's want of light troops gave free scope to his enterprizes, highly to their prejudice. His activity was incessant, and he never returned without prisoners. He passed the Elbe near Pardubitz, took the magazines, and was himself the cause of the great dearth, and unheard-of desertion, among the Prussians, and of that hasty retreat, to which they were forced.

The King was at Colin with his head quarters, where I myself was with

with him, when Trenck attacked the town, which, I presume, he must have carried, had he not, on the first assault, been wounded by a cannon ball, which shattered his right foot. He was, therefore, taken away, and the attack did not succeed. His wound was very dangerous. The Empress-Queen thought proper to send him a surgeon from Vienna. The foot was obliged to be all laid open; he lost the ankle bone, and even a part of the tibia, and remained four months confined to his bed, like a furious madman at being so long unable to assault the enemy, while his men, without him, remained but so many cyphers.

In 1745 he went to Vienna, where his entrance into the city resembled a triumph. Every body ran to see, and wonder at, the Pan-

dour Trenck, and this universal applause did but the more increase the envy of his enemies. The Empress-Queen received him with the most honourable distinction. He appeared in her presence with crutches; she obliged him to be seated, and, by her condescending speech, inflamed his zeal even to extravagance.

Who would, in this moment, have supposed that the favourite of the people, the most loyal and ardent of the soldiers of her Majesty, should, that very same year, be enchained at Vienna; and that he there should vent his groans, abandoned to the unlimited power of his enemies; who, collectively, had not rendered, during their whole lives, so much essential service to the state, as Trenck had done in a single day?

Thus

Thus does destiny sport with the lives and fortunes of men !

Intoxicated as he was with joy, he returned to his estate, and raised eight hundred new recruits, that he might, in the following campaign, gather new laurels. He rejoined the army, obtained whatever he asked at court, and was continually active, during the whole summer, in the executing of incessant and laborious projects.

At the battle of Sorau, which was fought in September, he fell upon the Prussian camp, and, as I have before related, seized on the tent of the King, and his service of plate; but he came an hour too late to attack the rear, as had been preconcerted. The politic Frederic willingly gave up his camp to be plundered, for the rude Croats, engaged

in this business, could not easily be drawn off to attack the army, and the King was prepared to receive them, even if they should. In the mean time, the imperial army was defeated.

Here was an open field for the enemies of Trenck to incite the people against him, and render him suspected by the court. They publicly accused him of having made the King of Prussia a prisoner in his tent, and of afterward restoring him to liberty; that he also remained pillaging the camp, instead of attacking the rear of the army, and that he alone thus occasioned the loss of the battle. His friends informed him of what was going forward, and that the storm was gathering.

After having gloriously ended
the

the campaign, he returned to Vienna to defend himself. Here he found, already assembled, three and twenty of his officers, whom he had cashiered, and expelled his regiment; most of them either for cowardice or mean actions. Perhaps, among them, there might be three or four, who had just cause of complaint; but these were poor, and without protection. There were, however, wicked men enough to be found, who suffered themselves to be seduced by the enemies of Trenck, to bear false testimony. The military counsellor Weber, and General Loewenwalde, had sworn his downfall, which they effected. Their principal view was the sequestration of his property, that they might securely fish in troubled waters.

Trenck, who was innocent of any

state crime, despised their attacks. While things remained thus, they posted one of the Empress's female attendants, with instructions to profit, by every favourable opportunity to deprive him of her confidence. Than this, nothing could be more easy. It was presently affirmed, Trenck is an atheist! A libertine! Who never tells his beads! Who never prays to the holy virgin! Who never buys indulgences!

His debauched life was the next topic; his barbarities committed in the enemy's country; the unbri-
 dled excess of his pandours; his robberies in the churches of Bavaria; his plunderings, and the vast riches he had accumulated; all which had been done with an evident intention
 of

of becoming a dangerous rebel in Slavonia !

The officers, whom he had broken, whispered it, in tap-rooms and coffee-houses, that Trenck had taken and set free the King of Prussia. This was sufficient to raise the cry among the silly and fanatic mob of Vienna. Teazed by their complaints, and at the requisition of Trenck himself, the Empress-Queen commanded that a legal examination should be undertaken of these accusations. Field-marshal Cordova, a man of merit and probity, was chosen to preside over this committee of enquiry. He acquitted himself with impartiality, spoke the truth, and drew up a state of the case, which he presented to the court, and which I shall here cite.

“ The complaints brought against
 “ him were all of a nature not to
 “ require a court-martial. Trenck
 “ had, occasionally, behaved impro-
 “ perly to some officers, whom he had
 “ broken by his own proper au-
 “ thority; therefore, their demands
 “ ought to be satisfied, by the pay-
 “ ment of twelve thousand florins.
 “ The remaining accusations were
 “ all the vile attempts of revenge
 “ and calumny, and were totally
 “ insufficient to detain, at Vienna,
 “ entangled in law-suits, a man so
 “ necessary to the army. Moreover,
 “ it would be prudent not to en-
 “ quire too minutely into trifles, in
 “ consideration of his important
 “ services.”

Trenck, dissatisfied by this sen-
 tence, and animated by avarice and
 pride, refused to pay a single flo-
 rin,

in, took post, and retired to his estates in Slavonia.

His presence was necessary at Vienna, to obtain other advantages against his enemies, whom he despised too much, and whom he already supposed conquered. They, on the contrary, profiting by every occasion, gave the Empress-Queen to understand, through a third person, that, being a man excessively dangerous, whenever he supposed himself injured, Trenck had, perhaps, very pernicious views in Slavonia, where all men were dependent on his power.

Yet how did my cousin act on his estates?—He raised six hundred more men, with whom he made a glorious campaign in the Netherlands, and, in October 1746, returned to Vienna. It is well known

known that, after the peace of Dresden, his regiment was incorporated among the regulars, and served against France.

Scarcely had he arrived at Vienna before an express order came, from the Empress-Queen, that he must remain under arrest in his chamber.

Here he rendered himself guilty by the most imprudent action of his whole life, which every man in his senses must disapprove, but yet which marks the intractability of his character, though it afforded new arms to his enemies.

He ordered his most sumptuous carriage and best horses, left his chamber by his own private authority, and, despising the imperial mandate, went publicly to the theatre, where the Empress-Queen was present.

In

In one of the boxes he saw Count Gossau, in company with a quondam comrade of his own, whom he had cashiered: these honourable persons were among the foremost of his accusers. Enflamed with anger and the desire of revenge, he entered the box like a madman, seized Count Gossau, and would have thrown him into the pit, in the presence of the sovereign herself. Gossau drew his sword, and endeavoured to run him through, but the latter seized it, wounding himself in the hand. Every body ran to save Gossau, who was unable to defend himself against so savage a giant. After this exploit, the grim colonel of pandours returned foaming home.

Such an action rendered it impossible for Maria Teresa to declare herself the protectress of a man so rash. Centinels, therefore, were placed over him,

him, and his enemies so well profited by his imprudence and passion that, in a few days, he was ordered to be tried by a court-martial.

General Loewenwalde intrigued so successfully that he procured himself to be named, by the Hofkriegsrath, president of the court-martial, and of the committee of enquiry, and to be charged with the sequestration of the property of Trenck. In vain did the latter protest against his judge. The very man, whom, the year before, he had kicked out of the anti-chamber of Prince Charles, received full powers to denounce him guilty.

Then was it that, as I have before said, public notice was given that all those who would come and prefer complaints, or bear witness against Colonel Baron Trenck, should receive

ceive a ducat per day, while the council continued to sit. How quickly complainants would increase may easily be imagined. They soon amounted to fifty-four, the major part of whom had merited the pillory, and who, in the space of four months, received fifteen thousand florins deducted from the property of Trenck.

The judge himself purchased the depositions of false witnesses; and I here declare, upon my honour, that Count Loewenwalde offered me a thousand ducats, if I would betray the secrets of my cousin; and that he farther promised me I should very soon be put in possession of my confiscated estates in Prussia, and have a company in a regiment.

A prosecution, managed by such judges, supported by such witnesses,
must,

must, of necessity, be for the righteous purpose of obtaining justice !

I am convinced, and the acts of the revision of the process of Trenck will prove, that more than forty manifestly false oaths were, on this occasion, sworn.

Trenck was accused, on the tenth sitting, of having, through his negligence, been the cause of the loss of the battle of Sorau. This accusation he proved to be false, by a written testimony under the hand of Prince Charles himself, who declared that the officer of artillery, sent with the order for Trenck to march to the attack, had lost himself, and that he did not arrive till a few moments before the battle began. This proof so highly irritated Count Löwenwalde, that he broke out into furious expressions against Prince Charles.

Charles. Trenck, who loved and honoured his benefactor, became so furious that he instantly seized the president by the throat, tossed him up as a tiger would a cat, carried him to the window, which he opened, and would certainly have dashed him headlong from the fourth story, had not the persons present flew to his aid.

The guard entered, Trenck was immediately conducted to the military house of correction, and chained hand and foot, as a malefactor; chained by that very foot which, so short a time before, had been shattered in the service of his sovereign, and which was not then entirely cured. His behaviour was unfaithfully related at court; this sentence of imprisonment was confirmed, and, from that time, Trenck was obliged to

to appear fettered, like a criminal, before his enemies, to answer false accusations.

That the indictment, and the examinations of the witnesses, were falsified, has already been legally proved in the revision of the cause ; but, as the indictment did not contain one single article that could affect his life, they invented the following stratagem, as I here pledge my honour to prove.

A public courtesan, the mistress of Baron Rippenda, who was a member of the court-martial, was bribed, and made oath she was the daughter of Count Schwerin, field-marshal in the Prussian service, and that she was in bed with the King of Prussia, when Trenck surprised the camp, at Sorau, made her and the King prisoners, and restored them their freedom. She
even

even ventured to name Baron Hilaire, aid-de-camp to Frederic, who she affirmed was then present.

Hilaire, who afterward married the Baronefs Tillier, and who consequently was brother-in-law to Trenck, fortunately happened to be in Vienna. He was confronted with this woman, and her falsehood became evident. That worthy gentleman was, nevertheless, obliged to remain in prison, where they secretly offered him bribes, which he refused to accept; and, as it was necessary to prevent his speaking, he continued in prison some weeks, and was not released till, by a revision of the suit, this shameful proceeding was made public.

Notwithstanding my having related the adventure of this fine lady, in the history of my own life, yet I shall

shall be pardoned the repetition, in this brief life of Francis Baron Trenck, to which it properly belongs : it is necessary. The greater part of the nobility of Vienna continue in the erroneous belief that Trenck was justly condemned, for offences against the state, to the Spielberg, and that his estates were legally confiscated. As this is absolutely false, and is no where on record, I am obliged here to be somewhat more diffuse, and to repeat circumstances that have been told before.

The stupid people, nevertheless, continued to exclaim that Trenck was a traitor to his country ; and I myself, although he has been dead these forty years, have been obliged to hear this dishonourable reproach repeated

repeated various times in companies in Vienna.

Count Loewenwalde invented another infernal artifice; he drew up a false indictment, having taken care to give orders that none of Trenck's friends should have admission to him; and, that he might be prevented all means of justification, or of discovering the deceit, he chose a day, to put it in practice, when the Emperor and Prince Charles were gone to hunt at Holitzsch. Loewenwalde's court-martial had already signed a sentence of death, and every preparation for the immediate erecting of a scaffold was made. His intention was then to go to the Empress-Queen, and induce her to sign the sentence, under a pretence that there was some imminent peril at hand, if a man so dangerous to the state was not immediately

diately put out of the way, and that it would be necessary to execute the sentence of death during night, before the Emperor could return. He well knew the Emperor was better acquainted with Trenck, and had ever been his protector.

Had this diabolical plan succeeded, Trenck would have died like a traitor; the most noble Mrs Schwerin would have espoused the *aid-du-camp* of Count Loewenwalde, with a portion of fifty thousand florins, taken from the funds of Trenck, and his property would undoubtedly have been divided between his judges and his accusers.

As it happened, however, the valet-de-chambre of Count Loewenwalde, who, on some occasions, was an honest man, and who had an intimacy with a former mistress of
I Trenck,

Trenck, confided the whole secret to her. She immediately flew to Colonel Baron Lopresti, who was the sincere friend of my kinsman, and, being then rich, and powerful at court, was, on that occasion, his deliverer. The Emperor and Prince Charles were informed of what was in agitation, but they thought proper to keep the secret. The hunting at Holitzsch took place on the appointed day. Count Loewenwalde made his appearance before the Empress-Queen, and solicited her to sign the sentence. She, however, had been pre-informed, the Emperor unexpectedly returned on the same day, and their abominable project proved abortive. The fraud was clearly demonstrated to Maria Teresa; the self-called Miss Schwerin was imprisoned; Loewenwalde was deprived

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I Trenck,

Trenck, confided the whole secret to her. She immediately flew to Colonel Baron Lopresti, who was the sincere friend of my kinsman, and, being then rich, and powerful at court, was, on that occasion, his deliverer. The Emperor and Prince Charles were informed of what was in agitation, but they thought proper to keep the secret. The hunting at Holitzsch took place on the appointed day. Count Loewenwalde made his appearance before the Empress-Queen, and solicited her to sign the sentence. She, however, had been pre-informed, the Emperor unexpectedly returned on the same day, and their abominable project proved abortive. The fraud was clearly demonstrated to Maria Terefa; the self-called Miss Schwerin was imprisoned; Loewenwalde was deprived

of his power, as well as of the sequestration of the effects of Trenck; a total revision of the proceedings of the court-martial, and of the prosecution of my cousin, was ordered, which was an event that, till then, was unexampled at Vienna.

His affairs, after this, took another turn: Trenck was freed from his fetters, and was removed to the arsenal, where he was allowed four chambers, an officer to guard him, and every convenience he could wish. He was also permitted the use of a counsellor, and to defend his cause. I obtained, myself, by the influence of the Emperor, leave to visit him at all times, and to aid him in all things.

It was at this epocha that I, having recently escaped from the prison of Glatz, arrived at Vienna, and, at this very instant, when the revision of

of the prosecution was commanded, and determined on, Count Loewenwalde, supposing me a needy, thoughtless youth, endeavoured to bribe me, and prevail on me to betray my kinsman.

Prince Charles of Lorrain then desired me seriously to represent to Trenck, that his avarice had been the cause of all these troubles, for he had refused to pay the paltry sum of twelve thousand florins, by which he might easily have silenced all his accusers; but that, at present, affairs had become so very serious, he ought himself to secure his judges for the revision of the suit; to spare no money, and then he might be certain of every protection the prince could afford.

The respectable Field-marshal Königseck, governor of Vienna, was appointed president; but being an

old man, almost superannuated, and tormented by the gout, he was unable to preside at any one sitting of the court. Count S—— was the vice-president, a subtle, insatiable judge, who never thought he had money enough. I myself took three thousand ducats, which Baron Lopresti gave me, agreeably to the desire of Trenck, to this most worthy counsellor.

The two counsellors, Komerkanfquy and Zetto, each received four thousand rix-dollars, in advance, with a promise of double the sum were Trenck acquitted, and his accusers banished Austria.

The other members appointed for this revision were of small importance; they were merely the echoes of whatever the three first pronounced.

In consequence, there was a formal

contract drawn up, which a certain noble Lord secretly signed.

The reader will well suppose that the affairs of Trenck began to wear a much more favourable aspect. He was defended, on the criminal part of the prosecution, by the advocate Gerhauer, and, on the civil, by Berger.

They began with the self-created daughter of Marshal Schwerin; and, to conceal the iniquitous proceedings of the late court-martial, it was thought proper that she should act insanity, and return incoherent answers to the questions put by the examiner. Trenck insisted that a more severe enquiry should be instituted; and they affirmed that she had been conducted out of the Austrian territories.

Six years after this event, I met with her at Brunn, when Trenck was dead. She had married a menial

person, and owned she had been induced to play this part by the valet de chambre of Count Loewenwalde, from whom she had received a bribe of five hundred florins.

My intention was, on my return to Brunn, to oblige her to make legal oath of this : but her husband had been guilty of a theft, and they had both absconded.

I am now grieved at my own negligence : I might have vindicated the honour of Trenck, and have convinced the Empress of the truth. However, Loewenwalde was dead, and therefore, it was of the less consequence. It is a fact, well worthy remark, that, neither in the records of the court-martial, nor in those of this revision of the cause, is there one word to be found concerning the noble lady, Miss Schwerin.

Rascality

Rascality and wickedness, so manifest in a judge, ought to have been proclaimed aloud by the herald at arms, and published in all the gazettes of Vienna; and she who affirmed herself to be mistress of the great Frederic, chained to her suborner, and exhibited on a public scaffold. Her pretended insanity was no justification of the court-martial. Trenck required she should be produced before the court of revision, but ineffectually.

Oh shame upon that Christian monarchy, where men who have rendered services so great to their country, as those my kinsman had rendered, are liable to treatment like this! What are the means an upright man must pursue, in such states, to obtain justice?

I shall now insert another of the articles of this criminal process.

L 4

Trenck

Trenck was accused of having ordered a certain pandour, named Paul Diack, to suffer the bastinado of a thousand blows, and that he had died under the punishment. This was sworn to by two officers, then his accusers, now great men in the army, who, in their depositions, said they were eye-witnesses of the fact.

Although many men in the regulars have died under these kind of military punishments, and no accusation was ever brought against the inflictors, I will, yet, relate what was, in this instance, the truth.

When the revision of the suit began, Trenck sent me into Sclavonia, where I found the dead Paul Diack alive and merry, and brought him to Vienna. He was examined by the court, where it appeared that the two officers, who had sworn they were present

present when he expired, and had seen him buried, were, at that time, a hundred and sixty miles from the regiment, and recruiting in Slavonia. Paul Diack had been engaged in plots, and had mutinied three times. Trenck had pardoned him, as he was an extremely useful soldier, one of the banditti; but, afterward mutinying once more, with forty others, he was condemned to death. At the place of execution he called to his colonel, "Father, if I receive a thousand blows, will you pardon me?" Trenck replied in the affirmative. He received the punishment, was taken to the hospital, cured; and, on this occasion, proved the perjury of the accusers of Trenck.

I brought with me fourteen more witnesses from Slavonia, who attested the falsity of other articles of accusation,

cufation, which in themselves were little worthy of attention. The cause wore a new aspect; it was impossible to substantiate any one of the criminal charges, and the wickedness of those, who were so desirous to have seen him executed, became apparent.

They also accused him of having robbed and murdered a dealer in second-hand trinkets and laces, in Vienna, who was found strangled; and, soon afterward, the man who had committed the crime was discovered, and broken upon the wheel.

Such was the treatment of a man who had endured all hardships, suffered all pains, had watched day and night, been in the field winter and summer, and, with unshaken zeal, and incredible labour, had supported, fought for, bled for, the house of Austria.

I ap-

I appeal to all the noble nation of Hungary; I appeal to the whole world, whether the pandours of Trenck behaved, in the wars in which they were engaged, like that paltry corps which they have been represented to be at Vienna. Since the time that they have been on the establishment of the regulars of the Hungarian infantry, it is certain that, in thirty years, they have not destroyed so many enemies, taken so many towns, levied so many contributions, or made so many prisoners, as they did, when commanded by Trenck, in one year. Past services are ever forgotten, and, as to future, they are ever uncertain. The tactics of Trenck were very different from those of the present day. Some of our modern holiday generals will say, when they are storming imaginary trenches

at a review — “ What was Trenck ?
 “ He was but a pandour ! His regi-
 “ ment could not be capable of any
 “ essential service, except it had been
 “ taught our present tactics.” So let
 them say ; for my part, I am persuad-
 ed Trenck was much wanted during
 the seven years war, and certainly
 the pandours were much less spoken
 of than when the man, who formed
 them, wielded at their head his pa-
 triotic sabre for the glory of the house
 of Austria, and manœuvred on the
 field of battle according to his practi-
 cal tactics.

May every insulted country find
 many Trencks as defenders ! Cer-
 tain it is that the tottering throne
 of Maria Teresa was most ably sup-
 ported by the present despised pan-
 dours.

One of the most capital articles in the prosecution, and which for ever deprived him of favour or commiseration from his virtuous and apostolic mistress, and for which alone he was condemned to the Spielberg, was, that he had ravished the daughter of a miller in Silesia. This was made oath of, and he was not entirely cleared of the charge in the revision, because his accusers had excluded all means of justification. Two years, however, after his death, I likewise discovered the truth of this affair. The author of this wicked artifice was Major Manstein, one of our first cousins, on whom he had heaped favours, whom he had relieved from the deepest distress, and raised to the rank of major in his regiment, when he had only been four years in the service. This Manstein was vile enough

enough to accuse him of such a crime that he might prevent his return to the regiment; his motive was, because that he, in conjunction with the quarter-master, Frederici, had appropriated, to their own purposes, eighty-four thousand florins of the regimental money.

No sooner should Trenck be dead than he might be accused of this embezzlement. Yet it is certain that this miller's virgin was the mistress of Manstein, before she had ever been seen by Trenck. The virtuous Maria Teresa, however, would never forgive him; and, in order to satisfy the honour of this distressed damsel, he was condemned to pay eight thousand florins to her, and fifteen thousand to the chest of the invalids, and to suffer perpetual imprisonment.

Sixty-

Sixty-three civil suits had I to defend, and all the appeals of his accusers to terminate, after his death. I gained them all, and his worthy accusers were condemned in costs, as well as to refund the so much per day, which had been paid them by General Loewenwalde, but they were all poor, and I might seek the money where I could! In justice, Loewenwalde ought to have reimbursed me. The total of the sum they received amounted to about fifteen thousand florins, to me for ever lost.

Never had it before been heard of that any judge decreed payment to a plaintiff before it was allowed by the court that his demand was legal. So it was, however, in the Trenck cause; nor was any judge punished, any retribution made, after the illegality of the act had been demonstrated.

What

What reader but must shudder at such practices? What must be his thoughts concerning the administration of justice at Vienna? I should for ever have concealed this shameful story, had not the honour of my deceased kinsman required that the world should be informed of the treatment we mutually received. It is now forty years since this happened, and no remuneration has been made; but, should any one read this, who has access to the reigning Emperor, in may be *possible* he will do my children justice. The possessors of the Trenck estates may, perhaps, be no longer authorised to enjoy what they cannot be justified in keeping by the laws of Hungary.

Most of the other criminal articles of accusation consisted in Trenck's having beheaded some mutinous pandours,

dours, and broken his officers without a court-martial; that he had bought of his soldiers, and melted down the holy vessels of the church, chalices and rosaries; had bastinadoed some priests; had not heard mass every Sunday, and had violently dragged malefactors from certain convents, in which they had taken refuge.

A partisan commander, of an undisciplined corps, might well be exculpated from similar complaints, and the clamour of the officers, whom he had caned when they retreated to the rear, and skulked from the fire of the enemy, were soon all silenced when the witnesses of Trenck were allowed to appear before the court. — When they were no longer protected, either by Loewenwalde, or Weber, they decamped without beat of drum. They, never-

nevertheless, did not cease to labour, under the auspices of one more powerful than themselves, to pursue their purpose, which they attained by the aid of the court confessor. This holy monk found means to render the holy Maria Teresa insensible of pity, toward a man who had been so prodigal of his blood in her defence.

Trenck was guilty of another capital error. Elated at the expectation of certain victory, and assured, by his friends among the judges, of being acquitted about Easter, 1748, he caused the history of his life to be printed at Franckfort, in which he not only exposed his former judges, but, by certain phrases, gave those, who were his partisans in the court of revision, reason to suspect that they should also be betrayed, when they were

were no longer useful. Gerhauer, his advocate, had, in such case, every thing to fear, he having been made the instrument of bribing the members. Gerhauer required the payment of two thousand ducats before the instrument of acquittal should be executed; and the avaricious Trenck, who supposed himself secure, offered him only one hundred. Judgment was, in consequence, delayed. Loewenwalde knew well to profit by the opportunity. Gerhauer discovered the whole secret proceedings; and Loewenwalde, deeply interested in the ruin of Trenck, went to the Empress, related the manner in which the judges had been bribed, and threatened that, should he, through the protection of the Emperor and Prince Charles, be declared innocent, he would then publicly vindicate the honour

honour of the late court-martial. On this occasion he attempted to bribe me, to discover what the particulars of the contract were between Trenck and his judges; I despised him, however, too much. Nay, I knew that, in concert with the lieutenant of the police, Mannagetta, he had planned my imprisonment on my first arrival at Vienna, pretending that, Trenck having taken the King of Prussia prisoner, Frederic had sent me to his assistance, and I was privately to have been kept in confinement till sentence had been passed on my kinsman. This was discovered by the Baron Lopresti, at the very crisis when the artifice of Miss Schwerin was in agitation, and when the whole plan was rendered abortive by the Emperor.

When

When I had forsaken my dangerous relation, as I have said in the first volume, and when, fearing his ingratitude, other of his friends, also, had deserted him, among whom was Prince Charles himself, the noble company of his accusers had then an open field; his advocate durst speak no more; the revision of his cause was interrupted, and an arret was issued, on the 20th of August, that he should be perpetually confined as a state prisoner in the Spielberg. His property, however, remained in sequestration, nor was he deprived of it, but gave orders, and examined the accounts of his collectors, to the day of his death.

Thus he fell the victim of a covetous and evil heart. His revision judges had stript him of more than fifty thousand rix-dollars, and, at last, fearing

fearing detection from him, abandoned him, to secure themselves.

Such are the principal circumstances of the prosecution of Trenck, which once was so much the subject of conversation in Vienna. Many trembled, many profited. Thus it was that I had sorrowful cause to know what judges are. His wretched avarice deterred him from making some trifling sacrifices, thereby to secure the remainder of his fortune, recover his liberty, and attain to the highest honours.

He wished to have escaped from the Spielberg, but this he could not accomplish. Had he followed my plan of flight, which I proposed, when he was confined in the arsenal of Vienna, he would scarcely have died in prison, nor should I have lain
fettered

fettered in the dungeon of Magdeburg.

Far from inheriting any of the wealth he had amassed during the war, he did not leave me the half of that property which fully reverted to me by right, as his father's heir, and which ought to have remained inviolate, although even the son should have rendered himself guilty of a crime against the state; of no such crime, however, was he guilty.

This history of my life, printed as well at Vienna as at Berlin, with the usual licence and privilege, will remain with my children, in justification of the honour of our name, and as a basis on which they may, now or hereafter, establish their rights in Hungary, when times and circumstances shall become more favourable. Prescription there cannot have place,

place, for not the laws, but power, illegally exerted, has passed sentence. Whenever the sovereign will permit them to make legal proof, then will they reimburse the unlawful purchasers the original sum paid by them. The court will be no loser, and the present possessors will have enjoyed the revenues of forty years, which amount to some millions of florins. Yes, then will my children become the rightful lords of Pleternitz, Prestowack, Nuftar, Pakratz, and Velika, with more than one hundred and thirty villages. Trenck inherited a hundred and eighty thousand florins from his father; had opportunities to acquire a million, while I, for my own part, have only inherited from him eighty thousand florins. No proof can be more clear of his having been plundered.

Find-

Finding his project of escaping from the Spielberg frustrated, and all hope cut off, this chief of the pandours determined on death. I have before related the manner of this death, that he sent for a confessor, and informed him that St. Francis had appeared to him, that he dispatched this capuchin confessor to Vienna, and on the morrow said, " God be praised, my departure is " certain, for my confessor is dead, " and has appeared to me ;" that the confessor actually was dead, that he summoned the officers, shaved his head like a monk, confessed publicly, preached a sermon an hour long, exhorted all his hearers to a holy life, smiled at all earthly good, went to prayers, slept tranquilly, rose the next morning, prayed again, took out his watch about noon, and said,

"Praise be to the Almighty, the
 "hour draws nigh;" that those, who
 laughed at his impudent imposture,
 yet were amazed to see his face grow
 pale; that he supported his head on
 his hands, prayed at his table, re-
 mained motionless with his eyes
 open; that the clock struck twelve,
 they shook him, but found he was
 actually dead; that miracle was then
 the universal cry, and that Saint Fran-
 cis had descended and carried off the
 pandour Trenck into Paradise. I
 have said that all this had been per-
 formed by the secret of the poisoned
 water of Tofana; have further added
 that the last ambition of Trenck
 was to rank high in the calendar;
 that, perceiving he could no longer
 be the richest and first of men, he
 wished to be the greatest of saints;
 that he knew he should perform
 miracles

miracles after his death, for he had built a chapel, founded a perpetual mass, and bequeathed six thousand florins to the Capuchins*; that he expired in the thirty-fourth year of his age, after having been the scourge of Bavaria, whose inhabitants will scarcely ever, in their litanies, intreat Saint Trenck to be their mediator at the throne of Grace; that he lived the tyrant and enemy of the human race, and died a holy scoundrel.

I shall terminate this article by frankly speaking, without disguise, my thoughts concerning my cousin, and his fate. With respect to individuals, whom he robbed to enrich

* He has been but forty years dead, and has worked miracles in Bremen, which the father guardian relates with uplifted eyes. His body is affirmed still to remain incorruptible.

himself, innocent men, whom he massacred, either to obtain their property, or in the blood-thirsty field of war, and many other worthy people whom he made miserable; with respect to his own father, aged eighty-four, and his beauteous and virtuous wife, whom he treated with brutal barbarity; with respect to myself, to the duties of consanguinity, and of man, he merited punishment, the pursuit of the avenging arm of justice, and to be extirpated from all human society.

Thus considered, his condemnation to the Spielberg was, indeed, most merciful. His name ought eternally to be erased from the annals of the friends of men, and the lovers of virtue. The cruelties he committed are, to this hour, daily lamented with tears: and the sighs of the wretched,
on

on whom he had no pity, unceasingly accuse him before the throne of God. His memory, throughout all Bavaria, must ever be held in abhorrence. I am almost tempted myself to utter maledictions over the ashes of a man who lived for himself alone, insensible to the groans of calamity; who treated friend and enemy with like cruelty, and, though I forbear this, still must I for ever lament and curse the woes to which he left me heir. Had he worn a crown, he would, perhaps, have been like Cæsar, a conqueror; and like Amurath, a barbarian. Happily for man all tyrants are not kings.

But, with respect to the Austrian monarchy, and as the hero of the Croats, he merited a mausoleum, the epitaph of gratitude, and the trophies of honour. At least, he

ought to have been protected by that state, in defence of which he was so loyal, so serviceable, so indefatigable, so daring; whereas, in that very state, he fell the victim of envy, and of the most hateful avarice.

A N E C D O T E S

O F T H E

L I F E

O F

ALEXANDER SCHELL,

**AN OFFICER OF THE GUARD, IN THE
FORTRESS OF GLATZ, WHO DELIVERED
ME FROM PRISON, ON THE 26th OF
DECEMBER, 1746, AND DESERTED
IN MY COMPANY.**

WRITTEN AS A

SUPPLEMENT TO MY OWN HISTORY.

ANNALS OF THE

ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES

OF THE

OF THE

ALEXANDER SCHILL

AN OFFICER OF THE GUARD, IN THE

POSTERS OF CLATS, WHO DELIVERED

ME FROM PRISON, ON THE 23RD OF

DECEMBER, 1740, AND DEPARTED

IN MY COMPANY.

WRITTEN AS A

SUPPLEMENT TO MY OWN HISTORY.

P R E F A C E.

A Great personage of Berlin, to whom I related the adventures of Alexander Schell, a lieutenant in the Prussian service, was desirous to see them published; and this is a task I the more freely undertake, because I perfectly recollect those incidents which I shall insert related by himself, at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1776. His letters and poems I have lost, three of the former only excepted, which will be hereafter read. The journal of our travels through Poland,

250 P R E F A C E.

written by him, I have inserted in the first volume of this work.

I have faithfully depicted his virtues and his defects; and, should the cold misanthrope disdain such narratives, I shall, nevertheless, have the satisfaction of knowing that the attention of readers less rigorous will be fixed by the originality of his character, and that they will pardon some of the weaknesses of humanity, remembering the goodness of his heart, and his other estimable qualities.

ANECDOTES

ANECDOTES

OF THE LIFE OF

ALEXANDER SCHELL.

ALEXANDER Schell, whose history is so intimately connected with my own, and which my readers may wish to peruse, was of a good family, of the circle of Suabia. His mother was of the house of Lowenstein; his father was reduced to poverty, by an unfortunate lawsuit. This is all that I know of his origin. Schell, the son, of whom I speak, entered into the Prussian service, in the regiment of Wurtem-

M 6

burg,

burg, which the duke bestowed on the king.

In consequence of some quarrels, and other youthful pranks, he, in the year 1744, was sent to the garrison regiment of Mütschefall.

It is well known that these kind of changes are most sensibly felt by Prussian officers, who never become soldiers that they may grow grey behind the walls of a fortress, in company with invalids, and men acknowledged worthless. Schell, who, in reality, was far from one of the latter, could not but be exceedingly dissatisfied with his state; he wished for nothing more than a favourable occasion to desert. From his family he received nothing, and his wants were many. He was much addicted to study, but his amorous dis-

disposition and inconstancy kept his pockets continually empty.

His chagrin may well be imagined, when he beheld himself a lieutenant in a garrison battalion, with an income so trifling, without consolation for the present, or hope for the future.

He, therefore, determined to fly from Glatz, the very first opportunity that should offer. To this it must be added that General Fouquet, governor of that citadel, was his persecutor, and put him under arrest for the most trifling fault; especially after Schell had composed a satire, which was every where circulated, on the amorous intercourse between the daughter of the general, and the town-major Doo.

It was at this very time, and at a moment when he feared he should
be

be arrested for debt, that Lieutenant Bach proposed to him to supply me with the means of flight, and thus to procure himself a supporter, by rendering me service.

His heart was good and compassionate: he had long been affected by my misfortune; yet he afterward avowed that the motive, which principally decided him to aid my escape, was the desire of thus revenging himself on General Fouquet.

Were not these circumstances explained, every man must be astonished to read, in my history, that a person, to whom I was unknown, who was under no obligations to me, should determine, while himself an officer on guard over me, to fly, in mid-day, with a prisoner of state, and thus to expose himself to an
in-

infamous and certain death, had he been taken. It may be added, there never was a more imprudent, nor a more daring, undertaking.

We conceived an inclination and friendship for each other on our first conversation, and he further hoped to make his fortune by my means. We were betrayed, as I have related; a friend gave him information of this, and he might have escaped by himself, but he had promised to restore me to freedom. He, likewise, might have reflected that, having neither money nor resource, he would find himself in a foreign country, and in the most deplorable of situations. In great danger, he wanted neither courage nor fortitude. He was naturally inconsiderate, and always yielded to the first emotion.

His

His honour, likewise, was engaged to keep his word with me : and these circumstances, united, induced him to take the desperate resolution of dying, or escaping in my company. He daringly faced danger, preserved his presence of mind, and, aided by him, I executed an enterprize, which, because it was successful, has been more admired than blamed.

Never yet, however, did I find another man who had the courage, or the friendship, for me, to perform a like action.

On our return from Thorn to Vienna, we passed through Warsaw, where we made some stay. Schell left me in the afternoon, and returned late to our lodging, without speaking a word concerning where he had been, or what he had done.

On

On the morrow we went to Cra-
cow; it happened to be the time of
the fair, and I determined to ex-
change the horse of Schell, because he
was lame. " Since the horse will be
" yours," said I, " it is but right that
" you should pay the additional mo-
" ney in exchange." Schell imme-
diately burst into a laugh, took out
his empty purse from his pocket, and
said, " I left all my money at the
" billiard-table at Warsaw; when
" my horse can go no farther, I will
" follow you on foot; I neither want
" horse nor money."

I was surprised at this proof of
thoughtless folly; but what was to be
done? I could only pay the money
in exchange, and we journeyed on
to Vienna. Here a new misfortune
befel the second horse; when Schell
wanted money, and intended to have
fold

fold him for two hundred florins, he found him strangled by his halter at the manger.

We had not been a month in this city before I had the good fortune to obtain a commission for him, of first lieutenant, in the regiment of Pallavicini, through the interest of Prince Charles of Lorraine, to whom he had been recommended by my cousin Trenck. This regiment was in Italy, and destined for the siege of Genoa.

I equipped Schell, gave him money, and sent him on his journey. Some time after, when I supposed him already with his regiment, I received a very laconic letter from him, dated at Gratz, in which he informed me that fortune had played him a new trick, that he had lost all his money, his watch and horse, and that, if I could not once more

assist

assist him, he must manage for himself, in the best manner he was able.

I happened, at this time, to have received a supply from Berlin, and sent him five hundred florins, with which he proceeded into Italy. This money, however, was little more successful than the former. He had imprudently borrowed of a friend, to pay his gaming debts; and, afterward, still more imprudently, made use of the regimental money; when, having no better expedient, he deserted in company with a forger. What highly aggravated his fault was that he entered into the service of a power, with which the Imperialists were then at war. He sent me information, in a tone of the utmost levity, that he was now a corporal in the service of the Genoese.

The

The behaviour of Schell was highly injurious to all Prussian officers, who, after him, entered into the service of Austria: but he was wholly incapable of a reflection of this kind.

Fortunately for him, I found an opportunity of recommending him to the Venetian ambassador, at Vienna; I once more sent him money, and was so active in his behalf that, in the space of a few months, he obtained a commission.

Strange to tell! he quitted this service the very same year, and entered a common soldier under the Duke of Modena. He sent me notice of this change, and requested assistance. Baron Lopresti, of whom I have so often spoken in these volumes, had friends in Modena, and I once more obtained a commission for, and once more equipped, Schell.

His

His own personal safety, however, constrained him then to assume the name of Lefsch.

Unhappy is the destiny of a man who is obliged to conceal the name of his family, before he dare associate among worthy men. This misfortune happened to Schell; although he possessed, in reality, a sensible and good heart; but his passion for play, and total want of thought, led him astray from the paths of honour, and brought him to wander over the earth like a vagabond.

Once more, thanks to my interest, behold him a lieutenant in Modena, where he was generally beloved and esteemed, and where he had taken the firm resolution of never gaming more, and of leading a less dissipated life. Perhaps he would have executed

cuted intentions so wise, but they were rendered abortive by his former follies.

At the request of the Duke of Modena, the Empress-Queen sent some of her officers to instruct his regiment in certain new military manœuvres, and, among these, unluckily, happened to be two officers belonging to the regiment of Pallavicini. No sooner was Schell informed of this than, dreading to be discovered, as he infallibly must have been had he stayed, he once more deserted from Modena, and entered a common soldier in the service of Sardinia, in the Swiss regiment of Souter.

Again he wrote, to inform me of this new change, but I was then mourning in my dungeon at Magdeburg, totally unable to be of use to him

or

or myself. When released from my chains, in December 1763, and once more permitted to appear on the scene, I sent to enquire after my friend at Modena; but could hear no tidings of where, or what, he was.

Happening, in 1769, to be at the house of the Sardinian envoy at Vienna, I there, by chance, met a Captain Renard, of the Swiss regiment of Souter. The conversation turned on many Prussian officers, whom fortune had ill-treated, and Renard highly praised a person of the name of Lefsch, who served in his company in the quality of foraging secretary. After various questions and enquiries, I perceived this Lefsch could be no other than my friend Schell. I immediately wrote to him, and received an answer, which deserves

serves to be remembered. — I sent him money, but this he returned, and informed me that he had no longer any need of assistance; that he had bidden adieu to all superfluous vanities; that he lived tranquilly on the perquisites of his place, on what he gained by teaching languages, drawing, and music, and by his knowledge of embroidery; and that these, together, procured him much more than was necessary. He added that he was esteemed, beloved, and sought after; that he was in good health, had learned to be an œconomist, and that he would not change his situation for the most splendid fortune; finally, that he never more would receive any thing from me; that I had already done too much for him; and that it was time I should take care of myself.

Affected as I was by his present manner of thinking, I made various propositions to him, for the improvement of his fortune, but he persisted in his resolution, contented to remain in his garrison at Alexandria, and desirous of nothing more than of once again seeing me before he died.

In 1772, when I was at Aix-la-Chapelle, I was astonished to see Schell, my friend, enter my chamber; the reader of sensibility will easily imagine my joy. He had walked, on foot, from the farther part of Europe to Aix-la-Chapelle, purposely to see me. — He related his history to me circumstantially, but of this I have forgotten the greatest part; I only remember that many of the incidents were exceedingly romantic.

Pleasure was the only end of his existence. His love of Italy had originated in his love of pleasure. Purposely to procure himself the society of the most youthful, and the most charming, of the female sex, he had learnt to embroider in gold, and to perform the most curious works of women. He also taught them several languages, wrote charming verses, and, by his talents, had made himself so agreeable, to the society he delighted in, that he had passed the last fifteen years of his life, in the manner he thought most delightful.

He continued four months at my house, during which he amused himself in instructing my children. This office he performed with peculiar kindness and affability, and gained the affection of all to whom he was

was known; but he loved a peaceable and retired life; he was, in reality, become a most rational man. His mind, that had formerly been so quick, so alive, had lost its vivacity; he was thoughtful, absent, and often unconnected in conversation. The change became so great that his only occupation was to read, or to walk in his chamber, with an air, in every appearance, of profound melancholy. I soon observed that time was tedious to him at Aix-la-Chapelle, and that his heart sighed for Alexandria.

When he had been a month at my house, as he was walking, deep in thought, he fell into one of the moats of the city, and dislocated his shoulder, in which state he was brought home.

His patience and fortitude, in this
 N 2 situation,

situation, were remarkable; he did not utter a single complaint.

After his recovery, he wrote some poetry, but his verses were very unequal to those he had written in the fire of youth. When I beheld him, and contemplated his countenance and behaviour, I could not avoid foreboding that my poor friend Schell would soon become insane.

He was conscious of this himself, but, said he, I have a small quantity of powder, very proper to cure this misfortune, as well as every other infirmity of old age, and, by the aid of which, men may defy all the efforts of fate.

The temper of the man, however, still continued the same. Had I said to him, — “Schell, thou must
“avenge my cause, a despotic King
“has rendered me miserable,” —

I am

But certain he would have gone to Potsdam, without staying a moment to consider, and on the public parade would have executed all that revenge could have inspired.

He shewed me the scars of sixteen* wounds, some of which he had received in defence of my honour. He never drew his sword that he was not wounded. He had fractured his arm, and bones in both his feet, by accidents; thanks to those eternal reveries which, in broad day-light, led him to the edge of some precipice. His sword was in his hand on the smallest occasion, and he laughed in the face of danger.

The stories of his youthful gallantries were some of them strange. I much regret that his writings, both

* One edition reads four. T.

philosophical and moral, never fell into my hands, and that they were buried with himself. He made great progress in the study of anatomy, and his sole purpose was to discover whether there really could be any thing immortal in the body of man, and, if possible, to explain what actuated the machine, and what was the origin of our passions, without having recourse to metaphysical reasoning*.

I wished him to have remained longer with me, but his leave of absence was almost ended, and he desired to return and die at Alexandria. One day, I perceived his usual taciturnity and gloom were increased, and the next morning, I found Schell

* The boy is said to have cut open the bellows to look for the wind. T.

was departed, and had left the following letter on my bureau :

“ My Friend,

“ You already have many children : how many more you may have, who can say ? You are happy in the possession of the most amiable of wives ; I am but a burthen to you ; you are little enabled to be at any expence for me, and I am not, at present, inconsiderate enough to abuse your friendship. The duty of a father is now, to you, the most sacred of duties. I return contented, with having once more seen you, and with leaving you in good health.

“ Most probably, we never shall meet again ! Do not disturb yourself concerning me ; I am in need

" of nothing, and shall find every
 " thing necessary to my happiness
 " at Alexandria: your company,
 " alone, will be wanting; but of
 " that it is proper I should deprive
 " myself. I would not that you
 " should suffer the least injury for
 " my sake.

" Perverse and wicked men have
 " robbed you of your fortune. If
 " there be an eternal God, who in-
 " terferes in the affairs of men, he
 " will become your support, he
 " will reward, he will preserve and
 " make you happy in your family.
 " If not, and should even your vir-
 " tues and your labours all be lost
 " to futurity, yet do they, in this
 " world, find a noble recompense,
 " in the conscious rectitude of the
 " heart. In the enjoyment of this,
 " few men, indeed, will be found
 " your

“ your equals, consequently you are
 “ happy in yourself, and in defiance
 “ of fate.

“ To me you owe nothing; you
 “ have done more for me, than even
 “ gratitude and friendship them-
 “ selves could exact.

“ True it is, I brought you from
 “ Glatz, but perhaps your after-
 “ sufferings would have been much
 “ less severe, had I never existed.
 “ What I did, likewise, I did more
 “ from resentment to the King, and
 “ to Fouquet, than from the desire
 “ of serving you, therefore was not
 “ my enterprize the pure effect of
 “ commiseration and affection, my
 “ interest bore a part in it. I was
 “ stripped of all support, and ashamed
 “ of living, despised, in a garrison
 “ regiment. I repent not of the ac-
 “ tions of my past life, being certain

“ that my follies did but tend to
 “ make me a wiser and a better
 “ man. I believe, in this, you think
 “ like me; I am satisfied with the
 “ time present, and indifferent con-
 “ cerning that to come.

“ Should monarchs, hereafter, do
 “ you justice in any degree, fail not
 “ to write to me.

“ Your son Joseph, under your
 “ guidance, possesses all the quali-
 “ ties necessary to become a great
 “ man; the conviction of this has
 “ given me much pleasure, and must,
 “ to you, be a subject of infinite sa-
 “ tisfaction. Tell your respectable
 “ lady that I honour her, return her
 “ thanks for all her kindness, and
 “ congratulate the choice she made
 “ of a man who knew her worth.
 “ Yes, my friend, you are happy in
 “ a wife, and therefore must cer-
 “ tainly

“ tainly have no cause to repent, to
“ find yourself an inhabitant of this
“ earth.

“ When I perceive I can live
“ no longer, I will send you a last
“ letter. It is your duty to remain
“ here; you have children, whom
“ you must not desert. I know no
“ other cause of regret for your sake,
“ should misfortune, in future, be-
“ fal you.

“ Be under no concern relative to
“ the expences of my journey. I
“ have the watch which you gave
“ me, as well as the fix guineas
“ with which I was to have paid the
“ tailor, and my feet will still render
“ me the same service they per-
“ formed thirty years ago, when we
“ travelled together through Po-
“ land.

“ Were we not, even then, much
 “ happier than princes, who are
 “ whirled luxuriously in coaches,
 “ through their desolated countries ?

“ I leave you the journal of this
 “ singular expedition, which I pre-
 “ served, that it might recal to your
 “ mind incidents well worthy of
 “ finding a place in the history of
 “ your life.

“ May you live in health and
 “ happiness; may you live distant
 “ from courts, and unembarrassed
 “ by public affairs, for the discharge
 “ of which you are but ill fitted,
 “ by your dauntless candour. They
 “ would but bring you into new
 “ troubles. Quit Aix-la-Chapelle,
 “ also if you can; you are detested
 “ by the monks; hypocrites will
 “ never want occasion to injure you,
 “ and, in your decline of life, will
 “ find

“ find the means to rob you of that
 “ repose you have so well deserved:
 “ God preserve you from their ve-
 “ nom. I tremble while I recollect
 “ this, acquainted as I am with your
 “ daring spirit.

“ Let me intreat you to become
 “ somewhat more of an œconomist;
 “ let me intreat you to act less ge-
 “ nerously toward an ungrateful
 “ world; in fine, let me intreat you
 “ to become more prudent.

“ Should we see clearly, and think
 “ nobly, yet were it best to sigh, be
 “ silent, and wisely to enjoy: so act,
 “ and so shall nothing be wanting
 “ to your tranquillity. Avoid Vi-
 “ enna. There, those, who have il-
 “ legally acquired, will illegally
 “ endeavour to maintain themselves
 “ in, the possession of your estates.
 “ The Empress acts under the guid-
 “ ance

ance of her priests, from whom
you can expect nothing, but con-
tempt and persecution.

“ Be the past a lesson to you, and
“ a guide for the future. Hope no-
“ thing from unrelenting princes ;
“ risk nothing for the barren honour
“ of rendering them service ; let your
“ future motto be, ‘ I seek only
“ virtue.’ ”

“ We have almost run our race ;
“ we both, soon, alike, shall cease to
“ be, but we both are acquainted with
“ death, and shall advance to meet
“ him with a serene front. So long
“ as I have life I shall be ready, at
“ all times, and on all occasions, as
“ I ever have been, to part with that
“ life in defence of your injured ho-
“ nour.

“ In this resolution, and impressed
“ with the liveliest gratitude, this
2 “ day

“ day departs one, who, to his last
“ breath, will remain

“ Your friend,

“ ALEXANDER SCHELL.”

It may well be supposed I was exceedingly affected by this farewell, and by the manner of it, especially when I had no means of conveying the money to my friend, necessary to perform his journey. Some few days after, I was obliged to go to Vienna. While I was in Frankfort, I, by chance, met in the street the worthy Schell, who was there endeavouring to gain intelligence concerning his parents. We continued two days longer together, and I did every thing in my power to dissuade him from pursuing his journey, but in vain. It was with great difficulty I could prevail on him to accept
twenty

twenty guineas, by the aid of which he might arrive, with somewhat less fatigue, at his place of destination. At length, we both took an eternal and last adieu, and parted.

About three weeks after, I received the following letter from him at Vienna:

“ Dear Friend,

“ At Frankfort you obliged me
 “ to accept twenty guineas, money
 “ which belonged to your children,
 “ and the depriving yourself of
 “ which was, most probably, of great
 “ inconvenience. Somewhat, how-
 “ ever, to recompense your benevo-
 “ lence, may you, virtuous man,
 “ participate the sensibility, the
 “ pleasure, the good, which accom-
 “ panied these twenty guineas in the
 “ cottage of a poor peasant! May
 “ the

“ the benedictions be verified, with
 “ which your name was pronounced
 “ by an old man of eighty-two, al-
 “ most expiring with hunger, in
 “ company with his wife, and the
 “ remainder of his family ! Bene-
 “ dictions, uttered with eyes raised
 “ to Heaven, when their long-lost
 “ son, Schell, so unexpectedly en-
 “ tered their wretched cabin, and
 “ with him brought the means of aid
 “ and consolation !

“ Oh, noble Trenck, that I could
 “ describe the scene such as it really
 “ was ; then, indeed, should you
 “ weep. During four and twenty
 “ years, my parents had never re-
 “ ceived any intelligence of me, and
 “ supposed me dead. I knew they
 “ had been ruined by a law-suit in
 “ the Imperial Court, and I would
 “ not

“ not add to their misfortunes, by
 “ informing them of my own.

“ My father had discarded me
 “ from his heart, after having heard
 “ I had so lightly quitted the Prus-
 “ sian service! After being told that
 “ my name was nailed up to the gal-
 “ lows at Glatz!

“ My mother had wept, but the
 “ afflictions of her family, and the po-
 “ verty of her other children, had ef-
 “ faced from her memory him whom
 “ she had formerly hoped would be-
 “ come the support of her house, and
 “ the prop of her old age.

“ My eldest sister I found almost
 “ dying, with hunger, in her bed,
 “ where she had twelve years lain
 “ paralytic. The youngest was in-
 “ sane, and her distracted fits were
 “ sometimes so violent that she was
 “ obliged to be tied down.

“ My

“ My eldest brother, who had ob-
 “ tained the rank of major in the
 “ Prussian service, was broken, in
 “ consequence of my adventure at
 “ Glatz, and is, at present, a corporal
 “ in the service of Denmark, where
 “ he has taken another name. My
 “ formerly brave, and now ancient
 “ father, all in rags, and afflicted
 “ with the dropsy, was seated in an
 “ old arm chair; and my aged mo-
 “ ther, of seventy, was obliged to act
 “ as servant, nurse, and provider, for
 “ the whole house.

“ At the time that I arrived, se-
 “ veral days had passed, and they had
 “ had nothing better than dry bread
 “ for their food, waiting the end of
 “ the month. You have been in-
 “ formed that the Prince, by whom
 “ they were ruined, granted them
 “ a pension of nine florins per
 “ month!

“ month!* For this they were
 “ obliged to pray for him, thank
 “ him, and tremble in his pre-
 “ sence.

“ They had no fire, and these
 “ poor old people were crouching
 “ close together, half naked, to keep
 “ each other warm. That very
 “ day they happened to mention
 “ their lost son; they were exhort-
 “ ing each other patiently to en-
 “ dure their afflictions, and, while
 “ thus suffering, I entered their hut,
 “ made myself known, and brought
 “ them aid.

“ God of Heaven! where are the
 “ words that shall describe what I
 “ felt?—I stood motionless, at be-
 “ holding wretchedness like this, and
 “ dumb! They were dumb also.

* About twenty shillings.

“ I re-

“ I recovered, recollected I had
 “ guineas, and threw them on the
 “ table.—Is this money thy own,
 “ my son? said my mother.—Yes,
 “ mother, answered I, they are ho-
 “ nourably acquired; I bring them
 “ to yield you a momentary sup-
 “ port.

“ Surprise and joy flushed in
 “ every face; my aged father bathed
 “ me with his paternal tears, and my
 “ mother hung, weeping, round my
 “ neck. The poor paralytic in-
 “ treated she might once again make
 “ a good meal, and her still more
 “ unfortunate sister leaped and ca-
 “ pered, without knowing where-
 “ fore.

“ After we had, in some degree,
 “ recovered our proper senses, and I
 “ had briefly answered their enquir-
 “ ing questions, a fire was made,
 “ and

“ and meat was put down to roast.
 “ Yes, my friend, the family seated
 “ themselves round a table, that had
 “ long not been so loaded, and I had
 “ the pleasure to regale them with
 “ your money, to revive my parents,
 “ languishing in misery, and on the
 “ borders of the grave, and to
 “ change the paternal malediction
 “ into the sincerest blessings and
 “ prayers!

“ To you am I indebted for this
 “ day of joy, the brightest, the hap-
 “ piest of my life; for had I not had
 “ your money, I should never have
 “ returned to the house of my fa-
 “ ther.—’Tis true, also, I never
 “ should have been a spectator of
 “ wretchedness like theirs, and
 “ should have died reckless and in-
 “ different. I now have an addi-
 “ tional reason to live; I have pa-
 “ rents

“rents to provide for, and they stand
 “in need of provision. I will hasten
 “to Alexandria, hasten to obtain
 “money for their support, for now,
 “only, do I begin to be reconciled
 “to life.

“I shall not inform you in what
 “place I found this most unfortu-
 “nate family; you would deprive
 “me of the satisfaction of labouring
 “for them. I well know the bene-
 “volence of your heart, and I well
 “know you have nothing you ought
 “to give. Yet you shall be in-
 “formed hereafter, and shall be-
 “come my successor, in order that
 “I may die untormented, when I
 “feel my end approach, and shall
 “be no more able to afford them
 “sustenance.

“I continued with them nine
 “days, and three entire guineas
 “were

“ were expended in making ourselves
 “ merry. Yesterday I left fifteen
 “ upon the table, with my watch,
 “ and a letter, as I did when I took
 “ my leave of you at Aix-la-Cha-
 “ pelle, and thus avoided the too
 “ great pain of parting.

“ I now proceed on foot toward
 “ Alexandria, and certainly with
 “ more true courage than Alexander
 “ himself, when marching, at the
 “ head of his victorious army, toward
 “ Babylon. Never were guineas
 “ better expended, never employed
 “ to a more holy purpose than those
 “ you gave me at Frankfort. Hence-
 “ forward I have but one intention
 “ to fulfil, and this, I hope, will be
 “ fulfilled by the exertion of my ta-
 “ lents at Alexandria. Money, my
 “ friend, is become a thing most
 “ precious

“ precious, though my poor parents
 “ have learnt to vegetate on little.”

“ Live, my dear Trenck, live in
 “ content and health. If, soon or
 “ late, you should return to your
 “ native country, may you, after a
 “ tedious banishment, acquire wealth
 “ to render those you love happy.
 “ If ever you should wish to benefit
 “ the children of Waldau, recollect
 “ what I said to you in the forest
 “ near Hammer, when you would
 “ have taken vengeance on an un-
 “ feeling, or, perhaps, only a fear-
 “ ful brother-in-law. May the Al-
 “ mighty grant you this humane,
 “ this Christian, consolation. I hope,
 “ hereafter, your prospects will
 “ brighten, and I honour the phi-
 “ lanthropy of your heart. Forget
 “ me not, I will write to you when-
 “ ever I need your assistance ; do you

“ write to me only once a year, and
“ let me know any fortunate event
“ in the situation of your affairs.
“ This letter will be sent from Ulm.
“ I have written it in Switzerland,
“ and a friend will put it into the
“ post. May your virtues preserve
“ you from new adversities, and may
“ heaven, or earth, reward you for
“ the past.

“ As I have lived, so shall I die,
“ Your grateful,
“ And, most assuredly,
“ Your very faithful friend,
“ ALEXANDER SCHELL,”

*Secretary to the regiment of Sou-
ter, at Alexandria, in the
service of the King of Sar-
dinia.*

Since

Since this letter, I received many others from him, all written in the same style. In one of the last he informed me that an old lady had bequeathed him effects, to the value of a hundred and fifty ducats, by will. His joy, at being able to send that sum to his parents, who were then living, was inexpressible. These letters I have lost, and, indeed, they would only unnecessarily add to the length of this narrative.

After a silence of two years I received the following :

“ The dying Schell to his friend,
“ Trenck.

“ When this shall come to your
“ hand, I shall be no more ; my
“ term of existence draws to a conclu-
“ sion : never did man, dear friend,
O 2 “ for-

“ forfake this sublunary world with
 “ more tranquillity, than I shall in a
 “ few hours, and after I have once
 “ more, with as much presence of
 “ mind as I am capable of, sent you
 “ this last testimony of living gra-
 “ titude.

“ The last years of my life have
 “ passed undisturbed away; almost
 “ had I forgotten that the name
 “ of my family was Schell, having
 “ for forty years assumed that of
 “ Lesch, and having, without regret,
 “ bidden adieu to all honourable
 “ titles.

“ I beheld you happy, my friend,
 “ and I leave you in peace and con-
 “ tent. My aged father and mo-
 “ ther have been two years dead.
 “ I enjoyed the pleasure of procur-
 “ ing them necessaries, and even
 “ somewhat more, during their few
 “ latter

“ latter days of life. My paralytic
 “ sister died about six weeks ago,
 “ and the poor frantic girl knows
 “ not that she wants any thing,
 “ therefore wants not. She lives
 “ merrily in the mad-house, and
 “ imagines herself to be the holy
 “ Rebecca.

“ The woman whom I loved
 “ has lately married a young hus-
 “ band : may he make her happy !
 “ This is not a moment to indulge
 “ jealousy.

“ I am at this instant racked by the
 “ stone ; nor is that all ; I am in a con-
 “ sumption, and these diseases com-
 “ bined have rendered me a living
 “ skeleton. My physician has ob-
 “ served indubitable symptoms of
 “ my approaching end ; I myself am
 “ fully sensible of them, and, in a

“ few days, or in a few hours, shall
 “ cease to suffer.

“ I have now nothing to hope,
 “ and nothing to fear. In this letter
 “ I send you the last tokens of a long
 “ and sincere friendship. My dying
 “ soul still will live in you, nor
 “ shall I be all dead, so long as
 “ you shall continue to live. My
 “ expiring wishes, for your prospe-
 “ rity, transfix themselves to this
 “ paper — they take their flight
 “ from my brain, like a dream at the
 “ moment of my dissolution. Live
 “ while you may, and hasten not,
 “ dear friend, to follow me.

“ Honour, fame, and posterity,
 “ to me are things wholly indif-
 “ ferent. I die unknown, and my
 “ name dies with me. — Beware
 “ of the prisons of Glatz, Magde-
 “ burg, and Spielberg! Schell
 “ dies,

“dies, and you will find a Schell
“no more.

“I leave no one behind me who
“stands in need of your aid, or
“whom I am in duty bound to
“recommend to your benevolence;
“no, my friend, I am no longer
“any thing to you: could I partake
“the sensibility of your heart, it
“would but occasion me fruitless
“regret, and disturb the repose of
“this last farewell.——

“Repine not, weep not, rather
“laugh; let the last moments of
“the crazy Schell be a subject of
“mirth; he himself has laughed, on
“the world's great theatre, behold-
“ing the deepest tragedies; laugh-
“ing he quits the scene, and the cur-
“tain for ever falls.

“My senses are overpowered,
“they slumber, my eyes are in-

"clined to close, and my soul wishes
"for rest; I soon shall sleep, and
"sleep without dreaming, nor shall
"I ever rise from this bed, to enjoy
"waking dreams.

"Oh Trenck, my last thoughts
"are friendship, gratitude, and the
"most ardent prayers for your pro-
"sperity.

"So dies,
"ALEXANDER, once SCHELL,
"at present LESCH.

"Alexandria, 24th of May 1776."

The very day I received this letter, I wrote to the regiment, and the answer sent back was, that he had been found dead in his bed the 26th of May, having written farewell letters to his colonel and his friends, by all of whom he was regretted. His captain had made a

collection of his erotic odes, and his satires, written in the Italian language, which may some time, perhaps, appear under another name, and, if they should; will certainly do honour to some ignorant impostor.

Peace be to thy manes, amiable Schell, thou wert worthy a better destiny, for the foibles of thy youth were injurious only to thyself.

Apologies to others, and vindications of myself and my honour, with respect to assertions contained in, and offences that have been taken at, my writings.

NOT the fear of further displeasing the wicked and the vile; not the dread of being still persecuted by sharpers, monks, pedants, intriguing courtiers, and paltry knaves; not the dread of illiberal and abortive

criticism; nor any, nor all, of these, here give birth to apology or justification. I have more serious employment, that of at last enjoying content and ease; of terminating a career of difficulties, chains, and punishment unparalleled, with glory. I will no more stand forth the rash opponent of ignorant millions. It is honour sufficient for me, that the worthy, the virtuous, and the friends of men, have been my protectors. Had I, indeed, only injured this smaller part of society, the number of my enemies had not been so great, nor had they been so all-puissant: neither would they have been so base in artifice, so irreconcilable in hatred. I shudder and start back from the precipice, when I contemplate the abyss, into which, by rashness, or perhaps fortitude not to be shaken,

shaken, I might have been headlong plunged.

The daggers of sharpeners, gamblers, and monks, all were drawn. Those noble gentlemen, who, offended at my essay on true nobility, had not, with their patent titles, purchased noble hearts, would have been glad I were dispatched. Heaven was promised from the pulpits, as the price of heretical blood. Heretic, be it said apart, is the epithet bestowed on those who dare openly attack the avarice and ambition of priests. The good old matrons prayed for my soul, as for one miserably consigned to perdition. The deceivers, and the deceived, together, cried—"Crucify him! Crucify him!"—

Unsupported, among these high-born vulgar, long I lived. Good men

approved and applauded my writings; but approbation was all. I will write no more.

Let other German moralists now enter the lists, let each perform as much as I have done, and let them not retire from toil, till they have reasons equally coercive to adduce. So shall our country soon awaken from her slumbers, soon shall learn who are the executioners, the torturers of reason, soon shall shake off her gross prejudices, and, by the promotion of science, shall rise great and worthy of herself. Her practical Christians shall then be more virtuous than were her holiday saints, church dignitaries shall tremble in their stalls, and the renown of the ancient German shall revive.

To obtain a purpose so glorious
have

Have I laboured with zeal, destructive to myself; But, be the consequences what they may, 'twere sinful to repent.

Such being my resolution, I may here be considered as an expiring author, who, repentant sinner like; takes a mournful leave of the fraternity of reformers. Therefore do I stretch out my hand, desirous of reconciliation with all who imagine themselves injured by the truths I have told, or who have been angered to behold themselves unmasked. I hope they will not be so cruel as to demand I should bestow flagellation on myself; because I erected myself a preacher of repentance, without having first studied, under a Jesuit-mountebank, *in forma Theologica*. As my irritability is well known, and as I
never

never condescended to petition princes themselves twice for what I thought my due, be advised, good firs, and pardon me quickly, or I shall perhaps quickly fall into my old vice, and defend myself, and truth, with all the fury of a desperadoe.

Kind reader, thou indubitably knowest constitutional diseases are not easily cured; therefore wilt not expect I should forget my nature, and cease to speak and to maintain truth. If I strike wide, when battling to bring down folly and vice, pardon and direct me better. So ends my preamble.*

In

* An abstract only of what follows in the German is translated: much of it relates to the Baron's other works; but, as those other works, in fact, form a part of his history,
it

In the first volume of my writings, the dedication, to Madam Justitia, gave so much offence at Vienna that it was prohibited.—Whenever, in Vienna, they shall think proper to do me right, I will then make a full and public reparation to the insulted honour of this good lady.

My ridicule on the parchment titles of nobility, in the third volume, has so much offended many of our most serene Dons, that, I expected some one, at least, among them would have mounted his Rosinante, and me

it will probably not be displeasing to obtain some information concerning them.—The strongest passages and thoughts have been selected; the necessary liberties of a free translation taken, and transpositions of sentences made, suitable either to connection or to the subject.

T

have

Have defied, detractor and caitiff vile,
to mortal combat.

Fortunately for me, I was deceived. They, honourable gentlemen, leave hardy enterprize, and dire defence, to the sleeping bones of their ancestors. They can serve the state in night-caps, and morning-gowns, and his excellency, the lord high cook, can sagaciously issue orders that the hare shall be roasted, which his serene highness, the master of the hounds, has heroically vanquished.

Happy consequence of wisdom in government! To you, ye scions of nobility, do all places of honour, profit, and power descend, as is, by right of birth, your due. Innately ye are noble! To think and act nobly were superfluous. Why should you defend or instruct base burghers, or
rascally

rascally hinds, who, most humbly, most dutifully, are bounden to labour and starve, that you may sleep and fatten!

What rashness was it in me to write on honour! I, alas, had forgotten that honour and honourable office depend on the capricious will of an arbitrary monarch, who alone is the fountain of honour, the judge of honour, and who alone honour can confer! Wherefore did I dream of merit, genius, or the native honour of the heart? Fie on such ignorance! Yes, ever honourable worthies, it is but just I should humbly crave forgiveness; I, who have written thus unwittingly, without permission from the powers that be! But ye are avenged, and I am punished: No titles have I; no ribbands, stars, or glorious badges. These, so gross

was

was my conception, I supposed I might have had, and have remained an honest man!

I have attended at levees; have waited in anti-chambers; have there conversed with ancient officers, like me, attending also. Their cicatrized wounds were ineffectual pleaders. The spruce gentleman-usher held their names unworthy to be pronounced in the royal ear. We discoursed on the best of all possible worlds, and iron tears stole down their manly cheeks. Reasoning, with bitter conference, as we stood, we have seen a sumptuous vehicle approach, drawn by six steeds, proudly champing: before it were running footmen; behind, heydukes, and merry Andrews; and within—— Yes! His excellency! Stately stepped he forth, by slaves supported in the dangerous

dangerous descent. The swarming crowd prostrate themselves. Yet, no grim Turk is he, but beardless seventeen. The buttons of his coat were each a diamond; over his mighty shoulder no Gorgon shield was thrown, but gracefully the broad ribbon hung. From his pocket pendent was a key.—All wondered; all asked—“Who is he that approaches thus with cheek inflated?” Not Boreas, gentlemen — nor Eurus — No—His highness! His serene highness! A prince! A prince of the empire! A knight of the order! A chamberlain! A privy counsellor! The son of a—usurer! A lord of eight millions! Millions which he nobly expends, thus to become great! Thus to be dignified! Thus to be titled! Great as he is now, what shall he be when of age?

For

For one so mighty, knowledge will be an incumbrance, and thought superfluous; therefore hath he written to Rome, and Rome shall send him a father confessor, who shall relieve him of the labour of thinking.— Padua, too, shall send him a buffoon, with black gown, and tie wig, who shall take especial care of his estate. Let others act, it is for him only to enjoy.

Parting from my honest veterans, home I went, described what I had seen, for I am afraid I never shall forsake old habits, but intreated the friend to whom I wrote never to make my letter public. The world, alas, might doubt the sincerity of my reformation; nay, might call this my recantation, a satire! A libel! Heaven forbid, my friend! — For God's sake, tear, burn, my letter! —

His

His highness can pay referendaries, advocates, and curators, better than I. I may once again become mad— No, no, I will humbly petition.— I will not increase an evil I cannot cure.

To err is human, but obstinately to persist in error were devilish— Therefore pardon, pardon: I repent. I will be very good in future. My children shall not be taught to think, for I will provide them with an abbé, or an ex-jesuit, and they shall be educated for highnesses and cardinals.

Yes, noble Zetto, Kronsdorf, Krugel, and ye other nobles, from A to Z, I deserve your mighty wrath.— What! Refuse to pay for your parents of nobility! So well, too, as I knew your worth! I am justly punished.— God eternally forbid I should

should object to your high and noble dignities! I affirm you more ignoble in nature than the rudest of the rabble—I call you the pest of society—Oh no!—No, no, no!—Though you are in the house of correction, you have noble successors, and I will write no libel by inuendo, I!—Heaven bless your worthy worships! May the mob bow down before your patent titles! May your welfare be preferred to that of justice and the common weal!

And ye, noble ecclesiastics, whose all-dispensing power, trafficking in indulgences, can purchase earthly titles, till your heavenly shall be ripe—Ye, who, living luxuriously, yet are certain to die blessed! I hold it fit and safe here to promise you I will daily repeat three Pater-nosters, and eke three Ave-Marias; not desirous
ye

ye should read in my sceptical heart
all I think of ye—I know ye peruse
not such heretical writings, as teach
the duties of the citizen and the man.

I ask not your prayers, for ah! I
too well know my poor soul has long
been consigned to perdition—I hav-
ing even dared to doubt that ye
are holy!

In my plan for the rectifying of
abuses in the states of Austria, I
was actuated by the purest and best
of motives. I openly asserted what
were the defects of the judges of the
courts; and all Vienna exclaimed
against the rashness of my writings:
yet, was it afterward seen they were
but prophetic. Experience has
taught me wisdom. To reform the
abuses of the administration of justice
is even more dangerous than to re-
form

form those of religion. How may a private individual make the attempt, when the Monarch himself, so multiplied, so rooted, are these abuses, dare not? Such is the true state of affairs, over which I sigh, and draw the curtain. Sincerely do I pity those who need justice.

In this same volume, I have written concerning the invisible vassalage of Bohemia. Of this I cannot repent, although the angry monks have condemned my soul to some millions of years of burning in purgatory. But in purgatory I will be content to burn, certain of the prayers of all good men for my speedy release. Till this vassalage of the mind is removed, never can the people know the rights of men. Pray, brethren, pray, that the fingers,

with which I write this, may not be changed into a devil's claw: nay, though ye should be monks, pray, for I certainly should tear those unfortunate friars, who should fall into my talons, most unmercifully. And, with reverence be it spoken, your Lutheran devils are all as merciless as your Franciscan.

I have, also, in my letters from Spa, been guilty of a crime, more enormous than any the whole Decalogue can afford; more heinous than the seven deadly sins collectively. I have said that a gambler by profession could not possibly be an honest man; and that, by fair deduction, neither could those who share his ill-gotten gains. Herein have I most grossly and abominably sinned against the holy Catholic Church, as

the faro table, for the godly plundering of strangers, is there publicly licensed by the bishop. Therefore, as a good Christian ought, do I most humbly supplicate the infallible priestly magistracy for forgiveness, wretched sinner as I am; I who have publicly dared to doubt this infallibility. What, though I have written a notorious truth, still, since this truth offends, I deserve, as their high mightinesses in their Christian charity affirm, to be everlastingly roasted. I had forgotten that they have power in heaven; that there they are saints, and only remembered that on earth they are rascals. I will write no more on the poisons of Liège, the intrigues of courtezans, the curses of play, but will enjoy some few days of rest on this side the grave. I will suppress

the groans of a heart that has been rent, because it could not reform the follies and the vices of man.

The Macedonian Hero is a poem that, by the daringness with which it was written, might, indeed, well draw down the vengeance of tyranny. The consequences of my rashness have been bitter. Frederic acknowledged I had written truth; but Teresa demanded to know by whom I had been authorised to write truth. The poem was prohibited, but escaped burning. Honest men lamented the dastardliness of their fellow-slaves, who crouched, and basely aided the ravagers of the earth; while zealous republicans rejoiced. The world, however, seems to sink deeper than ever into the slough of slavery. We grovel in the dust,

and offer up ineffectual prayers that God would be pleased to preserve us from heroes and their rapacity. Alas ! new Alexanders, Tamerlanes, and Frederics, shall arise, and shall find new coadjutors.

I have also, in some of my works, said that the handsome ladies of Aix-la-Chapelle graciously smile on their handsome young friars, and that the noble burghers their husbands wear their budding honours proudly, for with them it is a principle that men cannot be too much loaded with honour; they therefore hold themselves justified in assuming titles to which they have no claim: good reason is there, then, they should not be defrauded of an honourable appellation so justly their due. I pretend not that, even at Aix-la-Chapelle,

pelle, the ugly are not virtuous; but it is exceedingly true, that they are ashamed of their virtue.

For my own part, I have always pitied ugly women, and have been careful not to offend the handsome, so that matrons with me prosperity, except those whose consciences are put under spiritual guardianship, and they indeed frown, mumble anathemas, and sink me to the lowest of the infernal regions, there in eternal darkness to associate with the accursed Luther, and the heretic Voltaire.

I must further remark that, through all my writings, there reigns a manifest and decided hatred against knavery, deceit, and superstition. In the country where I resided, I beheld a herd, an army of priests,

wallowing in luxury, reigning with worse than despotic authority over the minds of all. What rational and thinking man but must shudder, must lament aloud, that such multitudes of God's creatures should be thus chained, rivetted in ignorance, by a host of idle impostors, who are, or ought to be, paid to enlighten and instruct them in all the duties of men, but who, on the contrary, live in pride and debauchery, suck their very blood, destroy moral virtues, fraternal and true Christian duties, and promise heaven to the most abandoned of villains, to profligates, cheats, and assassins!

Oh God! — How dismal, how dreadful, is the prospect! where bigotry has the power and the will to kill all the seeds of natural reason! Yet this I beheld wherever the ruling prince

prince was a churchman. This I beheld throughout the whole Austrian states. The spectacle made my very heart weep blood. I beheld the Pope, and all his armed legions, as omnipotent in Vienna as at Rome. I beheld and wrote. Thoughts friendly to the human race instinctively flowed from my pen. I forgot my own safety, irritated the worst of passions in the worst of men, and could I wonder I had enemies ?

Irreconcilable in hatred, a priest pursues the wretch who has dared to discover his wickedness and fraud, through succeeding generations, till his name and race be rooted from the earth ; nor ends here, but, unsatiable in revenge, after inflicting all earthly pangs, delivers him and his over to eternal torments. This

is what is properly called the vengeance of the ministers of the merciful God !

Sorry am I that I could not more effectually aid the poor, deceived, enslaved world : it is under the dominion of cureless witchcraft !

Instead of prohibiting the inter-marriages, and multiplication of Jews, princes would effectually serve the world, and diminish the blood-sucking swarm, were they to oblige every man to take the following oath before he were made a monk.

“ That the candidate for this state
“ of sanctity is totally incapable of
“ rendering service to his fellow-
“ creatures ; that he is unfit for soldier, mechanic, or husbandman,
“ and that he is wholly destitute of
“ powers, bodily or mental, to make
“ himself useful to society.”

I have

I have yet to apologize concerning the two first volumes of this history, in which I have highly offended various species of wicked men.

Frederic *the Great*, who, by the breath of his power, entailed misery upon me, who gave me sufficient cause to speak truth undisguisedly, will, certainly, in his now enlightened state, behold the moderate manner, in which I have justified myself, with very different eyes to what he would, had he, while on earth, perused it with all the perversity of despotic obstinacy, and clouded by the prejudices of human weakness. He now is unable to prevent my publicly defending that honour which had been publicly injured.

I have spoken of him with caution and respect. I have every where excused the error of a monarch who, being man, was by men deceived. Probably he had reasons for not doing me justice, which I shall never recite, as I will not involve the reputation of a friend in my own unfortunate destiny. May he, therefore, rest in peace. That posterity which may erect monuments to his fame, certainly shall raise no pillar of shame over my grave. This is honour sufficient to one unremittingly persecuted by him, and treated as a malefactor. He is gone, I am here. 'Tis honour sufficient that the reigning monarch has given unrestricted privilege to circulate this history through his states, and that a host of witnesses to its veracity are still living.

Of

Of what happened to me at Vienna I have loudly complained, and boldly written; but I have written truths; truths which the records and acts of courts will prove; truths which the present monarch has privileged to be publicly circulated in this work. This royal privilege, at Berlin and Vienna, is equally honourable to the sovereigns and to my veracity.

The Emperor, indeed, has not thought fit to ordain a revision of my cause. He *must believe* the report of his judges, and *must continue* so to believe, though he should afterward condemn these judges to sweep the streets!

The honest man does not believe himself infallible, readily acknowledges, when convinced, he has been in an error, and is neither too unjust,

nor too proud to repair the evil he has committed by pronouncing a hasty sentence. Let me hope there are judges who, hereafter, will draw down my warmest blessings: their predecessors have merited my heaviest maledictions.

I have also spoken of General Fouquet. A person had intended to have printed his correspondence with the great Frederic, but desisted from the undertaking, because I had not spoken of him with proper respect.

Should this person, when he shall publish such correspondence, wish to write an eulogium on his hero, I can supply him with a few anecdotes, which will greatly tend to illustrate his true character.

I was myself acquainted with nine worthy officers whom he had ruined,
and

and obliged to desert, by his tyrannical conduct.

I am well informed of his cruelties toward the townspeople of Glatz, whom he caused to be mutilated and hung. The whole county was a witness of his barbarity, and, although he was loyal to his sovereign, he still was a tyrant whenever he had the power. With respect to myself, he treated me, while his prisoner, in the meanest manner.

His conduct toward the Austrian prisoners, as related to me by eye-witnesses, would, were it made public, do his memory but little honour. The defenceless dead, however, shall by me be no more named. I despised him living, and men, who act so basely, merit contempt also in the grave.

I

Many

Many of the ill deeds of my deceased enemies I have mentioned, because they were before well known : many of my living enemies I have spared, and these, perhaps, may give me thanks.

To the possessors of my Slavonian estates I wish good appetites at my board. They stole them not, but inherited them from fathers who were desirous of leaving heirs rich in land and poor in honour. One of these successors of my cousin was, not long since, confined in the Spielberg. The others are not happy. It is possible a time may come, when my children shall say——“ Be-
 “ gone ! You have long enough en-
 “ joyed the Trenck estates : it is
 “ now our turn.”——Happily I never yet besought an alms at my own door.

The

The honourable burghers of Dantzic, who gave me up, and suffered me to be plundered, are dead; perhaps their successors may make reparation, as far as is in their power. Weingarten, and Abramson, are dead also. I pity the hangman, who, by some unaccountable chance, was robbed of his perquisites, for Weingarten died a natural death.

Jaschinsky is living. I forbore to visit him when at Königsberg, for I would not remind him, in his old age, of what must hang gloomy over his memory. He has my forgiveness. I cannot refrain, however, here relating how severe are the punishments of a bad conscience. When I arrived at Königsberg, he lost his understanding, and became lunatic. The whole town was witness of this strange event. I have,
also,

also, fully discovered he was, as I supposed, the forger of the letter, which, in the year 1746, was the cause of my ruin. His motive was interest; he was indebted to me three hundred ducats. A part of my rich equipage the present General Baron Pofadowsky bought of Jaschinsky himself; and he further received a sum granted him by the King, that was deducted from my confiscated estates. He is still insane.

Now I am apologizing, it is but just I should intreat forgiveness of some few invisible persons, whom I cannot but have offended; and first, the seraphic Father St. Francis. Pardon, holy sir, for having rendered

dered thy whole order contemptible. Whoever, like me, has beheld these odoriferous, though not sweet-scented, Seraphines, at their gluttonous tables, their wine barrels, and their confessional chairs, will, if he be wise, pass on the other side of the way. Thee, holy Francis, I intreat to take them to thy own abodes; rob this unworthy world of such a godly crew; and suffer that, fifty years hence, their names only be remembered. Thou best canst inform us, how well pleased the Father of the world must be daily to hear such multitudes of herculean saints employ themselves, and importune his ear, with the eternal repetition of Ave Maria! Ave Maria! Ave Maria!

What thou wilt say to that arch enemy of man, Satan, when he, and
his

his infernal adjutants shall come, laden with the sins of thy Seraphines, and, insulting, lay them at the footstool of divine justice, I know not. Neither can I say, when the heavenly host have, per contra, gathered together the good works of all thy tribe, what balance shall remain for the supererogation magazine, established at Rome.

If honour, justice, and virtue, bring good to man, then have I occasioned much disquiet to those vassal fiends that are stationed by the mighty Lucifer, as centinels, to watch, or patrol, the earth, for the general weal of his empire. My writings have incited the reader to act like a good Christian, and an honest man; the doctrines of monks
are

are more friendly to their cause, and give these industrious devils much less trouble.

Most humbly, therefore, do I solicit pardon from the horned Beelzebub, the grim Mammon, and the terrific Belial, confessing their potencies: I never was a catholic Christian, such as they admire.

From my guardian angel I intreat forgiveness for all the trouble I have given him; and it, certainly, has not been a little to guard a Trenck from dashing his foot against a stone, or his head against the axe of the holy inquisition. He has well fulfilled his duty, and deserves eternal rest, never more to undergo a task so arduous.

I doubt, indeed, he has been guilty

ty of one gross oversight. He certainly permitted Satan to inspire me with the desire of taking up the pen, nay, afterwards, suffered him to guide my hand. Wherefore did he not, like Luther, take up the ink-stand, and throw it at his head? I then should not have written so rashly against gamblers, monks, and despots. It may be, indeed, he endured a present evil, to secure a future good. Satan may have been outwitted.

Of the Almighty, with serious awe and reverence I speak, I implore forgiveness, if, when under affliction too severe for man to support, I have doubted erroneously concerning the systems of men, which represent the great First Cause

as a human creature, subject to the worst and weakest of human passions; subject to anger, malice, revenge, ambition, vanity! Let me hope that, if I did not possess sufficient understanding to discover truth, that will not be imputed to me as a fault. Thou, surely, wilt not condemn me, because I am unable to believe thou ever madest a creature that was pre-doomed to eternal destruction.

Of wicked men I have asked mercy, for having written so much against the evil of their ways. To thee, God of benevolence, I intercede for grace, for that I have not written more. The faculties of man are only divinely employed, when employed in the cause of virtue*.

CON-

* The Baron further adds a justification of himself, against M. Archenholtz, a German critic,

CONCLUSION.

I have at this moment occasion to add, now when this volume is completed, critic, who had taxed him with misrepresentation concerning England. He affirms the affair to have happened as he stated in the second volume, makes many severe remarks on the English, and their laws, and says that, when he went to the custom-house to pay the importation duty on his Hungarian wine, the officer presented him the Gospel to kiss, and swear that it was all for his own drinking; and, when he refused taking an oath so ridiculous, the officer called a porter, desired the Baron to give him a shilling, and the porter kissed the book in his stead. He adds this was in compliance with an act, which at that time prohibited the importation of French wines, except for individual consumption; and satirically remarks that, in Rome, one man is hired to pray, in London, to swear falsely, for another.

The

pleted, that I was received with esteem and honour in my country, superior to all that can be imagined, by those who have not themselves been witnesses of this reception. Content and happy, I journey back to Austria. The good king has done me justice, and heaped favours on me; I have received my confiscated estates, and am in hourly expectation of the rents of which I have been forty years deprived.

The Baron, also, acknowledges himself obliged to the learned geographer Busching, who has corrected his errors of dates, promises to profit by the remarks of his critic in a future edition; pleads haste, errors of the press, and a lapse of years; and adds, as an additional historical fact, that Bestuchef, and his lady, were in opposite interests, and both were in the receipt of bribes from different courts. T.

More

More I sought not; posts of honour
 I cannot there accept. Nobody shall
 accuse me in my old age of being
 selfish, or living detrimental to that
 state of which I have now been six
 and thirty years a subject, although it
 has most shamefully maltreated me,
 and continues still to repay me with
 ingratitude. I leave behind me a gra-
 cious monarch, who knows my heart;
 I leave the best of reputations, inno-
 cence undoubted, and am convinced
 the Prussians love me, and will be
 the friends of my children.

The object of my journey is ac-
 complished; I can now, in the de-
 cline of life, enjoy honour and ease,
 and, as a good man should, can meet
 death with a smile.

F I N I S,

ERRATUM.

Vol. I. p. 207, l. 19, for *lieutenant-colonel*,
 read *first lieutenant*.



